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ONE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT has got through to Sandino. Five weeks ago *The Nation* cabled to Carleton Beals, then in Mexico City, to see Sandino. He has done it. For almost two weeks he has been with Sandino's troops, riding with them on horseback nearly halfway across Nicaragua. With good luck he has escaped the bullets of the marines and the bombs from the airplanes and has made his way safely across the lines into "American" territory. Now, safe in Managua he is sending the story of what he saw and what he heard on that extraordinary journey. Against Lindbergh's good-will flight, we match the good-will mission of Mr. Beals, who toiled through the jungles instead of flying above them. He went from Mexico by way of Guatemala and San Salvador to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. Here his guide was arrested, but Mr. Beals himself got through on horseback into the Nicaraguan jungle. He is the only foreign correspondent who has been behind Sandino's lines; the only American who has interviewed that stubborn leader of a forlorn hope. Other correspondents relying on news from Marine Corps headquarters in Nicaragua have filled our press with propaganda and vague rumors as to the spirit and attitude and condition of Sandino and his harried troops. *The Nation's* desire for full reports from both sides of the line, and our correspondent's courageous readiness to undertake an uncertain and hazardous mission, will, we hope, result in a new degree of understanding of the State Department's "war" in Nicaragua and its purposes in waging it.

THE HARMONIOUS ATMOSPHERE which Mr. Hughes had so successfully engendered at Havana was somewhat shaken when debate began upon the Maurtua proposal described by Mr. Gannett elsewhere in this issue. Home opinion, not subject to Mr. Hughes's personal magnetism, has begun to make itself felt at Havana. The Argentine Ambassador, reading from a manuscript which perhaps did not express his personal views, voiced the emphatic dissent of his Government from the ambiguous position upon intervention taken in the Maurtua report. His government was opposed to all intervention. So, of course, was Mexico's. So was that of Salvador, whose distinguished representative, Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, is becoming the spiritual leader of the Latin nations at Havana. And once the magic spell is broken, it is difficult to see how agreement is possible at Havana. No Latin delegate in his senses can approve the irresponsible "right" of intervention assumed by the United States in Central America; and our State Department is not yet ready to accept any curb upon its policy of dictatorship.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT appears to be firm in its belief that a small sticker protesting against marine rule in Nicaragua is either indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, scurrilous, defamatory, threatening, or libelous. Postmaster General New has indorsed the ruling of Solicitor Donelly and the action of Postmaster Kiely of New York in refusing to allow matter decorated with such stamps to go through the mails. The All-American Anti-Imperialism League will fight this decision in court with the backing of the American Civil Liberties Union. In the meantime it has ordered a new edition of its stamps, which can be obtained from the League office at 39 Union Square, New York City. Our advice to our readers is to affix as many stamps as they can afford to as many letters as they can dispense with, secure in the knowledge that they are violating no law but may be causing some annoyance to impertinent officials.

BUREAUCRATIC INTERFERENCE in the business of private citizens seems to advance a step every time a Cabinet secretary opens his mouth. The latest instance is the veto of Secretary Kellogg upon the business arrangement by which the Chase National Bank agreed to act as agent for the payment of interest and retirement charges upon Soviet Russian bonds. The statement read:

> The department objects to financial arrangements involving the flotation of a loan in the United States or the employment of credit for the purpose of making an advance to the Soviet regime. In accordance with this policy the department does not view with favor financial arrangements designed to facilitate in any way the sale of Soviet bonds in the United States. The department is confident

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> that the banks and financial institutions will cooperate with the Government in this policy.

And doubtless they will,—a national bank cannot afford to buck the State Department. Not four months ago a former Secretary of the Treasury, Carter Glass, was denouncing this new assumption of executive power in vigorous terms. Banking and newspaper opinion generally supported him, but already his protest seems to belong to a past era of individual freedom. "The Department of State," Mr. Glass said on October 12,

> has no more right to prohibit the sale of American credits abroad by the National City Bank, the Chemical National Bank, or the house of Morgan, or all these combined, than it has to favor or veto the sale to the European trade of General Motors, the United States Steel Corporation, Henry Ford, or any other private concern in this country.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE sat in the Cabinet with Fall and Daugherty and Denby: and he kept the Teapot gentry in his Cabinet until public opinion forced them out. We do not recall that he has ever found occasion to voice a syllable of criticism against his crooked colleagues. He is stirred instead to criticism of the critical press.

> Our own nation [he says], or any other nation, does not consist of the counterfeits; it consists of the genuine. Constantly to portray the failures and the delinquents is grossly to mislead the public. It breeds an unwarranted spirit of cynicism. Life is made up of the successful and the worthy.

The successful and the worthy, unfortunately, are not always the same, although the bulk of the American press encourages a simple confidence in their identity. Cynicism, we believe, is bred by such remarks as Calvin Coolidge's, not by the clean indignation of newspapers which expose corruption in high places. When public officials abdicate, when open bribery and gross corruption sit boldly in the Cabinet-room of the White House, then that press which speaks most frankly seems to us most patriotic. Patriotism does not consist in condoning the vice of one's fellow-nationals; it consists in the effort to make one's country approximate one's ideal. Sometimes, with a State Department like ours, patriotism inevitably leads to agreement with foreign criticism of our Government's policy; but to imply, as the President did, that such criticism must be inspired by "foreign connections," betrays the pettiness of a narrow mind.

TEN THOUSAND MORE FRENCH TROOPS have been withdrawn from the Rhineland, which is good news. But 50,000 remain. It costs more to maintain them there than at home, and, like all forces of occupation, their presence breeds ill-feeling. Why does not France withdraw them all? With Germany disarmed the old plea of "security" is sheer delusion, and Foreign Minister Stresemann's sharp words were justified:

> The time has come [he said] at last to point out that there is a certain amount of hypocrisy in the demand for security against Germany, which can no longer be endured by the public opinion of the world.

M. Briand, in reply, dropped the old Poincarist talk of security, and said frankly:

> Locarno gives us all the security we need, but the small force we keep there is by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles and so long as the Treaty of Versailles is unfulfilled we must regretfully stay where we are. If you Germans want us out sooner than 1935 you will hurry along with the commercialization of your reparation debt and the fulfilment of all disarmament conditions, then we will be only too pleased to go.

But commercialization of the reparation debt, as M. Briand admitted, is not dependent merely upon German good-will, but upon the state of the world market; and one of the factors which tend to maintain an uneasy world market is the irritating presence of French troops in the German Rhineland.

THE SIMON COMMISSION to investigate constitutional reform for India landed in Bombay February 3, and if any doubts still existed in regard to its unpopularity they must immediately have been dispelled by the protesting demonstrations in Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Allahabad, Nagpur, and Delhi. One of the most unfortunate aspects of the situation is that the Indians, whether rightly or wrongly, have now come to regard the British Labor Party, along with the Conservative and Liberal, as being against them. Ramsay MacDonald's article in *The Nation* for January 4 seemed to indicate that he was consulted in the steps taken. If the Labor Party's intentions toward India are in accord with Nationalist aspirations, even of the milder sort, then this collaboration with the Conservative Government would seem regrettable. When the Labor Party came into its brief period of power a few years back there was a tentative hope among Indian Nationalists that it would support their cause. But in October, 1924, after it had gone out, Gandhi could speak of "much that has been reactionary in the policy of the later Labor Government with regard to India," adding his hope that the "working men and women in England, . . . among whom the ideal of Ahinsa (non-violence), for which India stands, has become a living truth," would in time prove able to sway the whole Labor Party. The party was on thin ice then; and this year the effigy of Ramsay MacDonald was burned by protesting Indians along with those of Premier Baldwin, Lord Birkenhead, and Sir John Simon. India seems to see no help anywhere in England.

CHICAGO'S FOREIGN RELATIONS DEPARTMENT is kept busy. Having concluded a war with England, although peace has not yet been declared and the enemy is still the enemy, the Windy City has proceeded to recognize the sovereign government of Mussolini. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Mussolini has recognized the sovereign state of Chicago. For the other day from Italy came Commander Zuinini, vulgarly accredited in the past as Italian Consul General to Chicago, but now endowed with ministerial credentials, having been elevated by Premier Mussolini to a diplomatic post ordinarily obtaining between states of equal rank. Mayor Thompson should acclaim himself King Bill the First before receiving his new minister. There would be few in our country to say him nay, for, after all, his is a brand of vaudeville native to America and we like it, although at times we shake our heads over his antics. But he must be warned about one thing: as long as Chicago remains safely a part of these United States it may conduct elections as it likes and allow its bandits to run wild. But if it sets up as an independent state, first thing it knows we will send in marines to clean up.

DOUBTLESS A PSYCHOLOGIST could tell what made the Official Spokesman or, as the New York *World* has it, "an eminent personage who must never

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be quoted," refer, as last week he inadvertently did, to "President" Hoover. The occasion was the regular conference of newspapermen with the President; the question asked was whether or not Mr. Hoover would leave his post in the Cabinet while campaigning for the Presidential nomination. The "eminent personage who must never be quoted" replied that he had no information as to the plans of "President Hoover." That, to say the least, was premature. We must never be indiscreet; we must never hint who the eminent personage in question might have been, not even when Mr. Coolidge, as the next day he did, announces that in the future no references whatever to press conferences may be made. But, suspicions aside, what if it had been Mr. Coolidge? Tales have not been wanting to the effect that all was not serene between the President and Mr. Hoover; time was when Mr. Hoover was not invited to one of the Presidential breakfasts, or when—we never can remember details—he came and was allowed only one helping of sausage instead of two. Is the quarrel, if quarrel there was, patched up now? Is the White House officially registering itself "Hoover for President"? In a simpler age, before the subconscious became so public, an eminent personage might have made such a slip with comparative safety. But not today.

"WITH THE THERMOMETER hovering around zero while this is being written, a hundred thousand striking miners' families in the coal-fields of central and western Pennsylvania, northern West Virginia, and Ohio are living on an average of $3 a week or less from the union treasury." So writes Basil Manly in a series of articles on the coal situation appearing in the New York *Evening World*. Reading on one sees that living conditions among the miners, their wives, and their children are little short of desperate. For cruelty and brutality, for trampling upon helpless women and children, the Pennsylvania coal and iron police, privately hired by the mine operators, can hardly be matched. Much the same heartlessness prevails among the operators who, not content to deprive the miners of a living wage, have in addition evicted them from the company-owned houses. And while the company-owned houses remain empty and boarded up, hastily improvised barracks must serve the miners as shelters. In these barracks, writes Mr. Manly, "one room . . . is the standard rule for each evicted family regardless of size. There may be three children. There may be seven. All must be crowded into this one room." In view of these flagrant issues of the general strike which began April 1 of last year, Senator Hiram Johnson's resolution urging a Congressional investigation of the bituminous coal-fields seems appropriate. Meanwhile, the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, will welcome contributions.

A GOOD POINT TO START FROM at the Russian Exhibition of the Soviet Union at 119 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, is the map which covers one wall of the lecture-room. It shows the resources of the Soviet Union by the most direct and impressive method. Here is an outcropping of coal—real coal; there a shearing from the pelt of some far-away Soviet sheep; salt, radium, gems, gold, silver, wood—all are represented by real samples or some realistic substitute. And all over the map has been meticulously pasted the groundwork of Russia's wealth, its oats and rye and wheat. Looking at this map, one realizes, however briefly, the size of this country called Russia. The map prepares the visitor for the extent and variety of the exhibits culled from the far reaches and the many nationalities of Russia. Their quality and appeal may be judged by the fact that almost everything on exhibit bears a "sold" tag. The toys must be mentioned—varicolored pyramids that screw off into a dozen pieces; bright large mushrooms that are filled with little mushrooms; carved bears, horses, woodcutters. The enthusiasm of the young visitors gathered around them was an indication—and a warning—that one part of America has already recognized the USSR. What the map cannot show, a series of impressive, bright-colored charts, posters, stage sets, movie stills do show—the amazing progress made by friendless Russia in industry, agriculture, education, in the theater, the cinema, aeronautics. The records are on view until February 15; apparently people find them interesting—for 10,000 passed the gates on February 5.

THE MERGER of the London *Daily News* and the *Westminster Gazette* is more accurately to be described as the submergence of the latter into its older rival, which was founded by Charles Dickens five years after the start of Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. Those who know London journalism are aware that the *Westminster Gazette* virtually passed over in 1921, when the famous green evening journal was transformed into a morning paper, and its distinguished editor, J. A. Spender, a welcome visitor this winter to the United States, gave up the control which he had exercised, with remarkable consistency and perfect temper, for more than twenty-five years. The evening *Westminster* commanded a small special public. It had great political influence but was never near to being self-supporting. The morning *Westminster* was started without the vast financial backing nowadays essential to a metropolitan daily. Hence it stood no chance in the world of Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks, Riddells and Berrys. There is no protection for the working journalist as the process of consolidation goes on, as merciless in London as in New York.

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? A great American assembly in New York City rising to its feet and cheering to the echo—a German? All standing with hats off while the band played "Die Wacht am Rhein"? Where was the American Legion, and where were the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the American Defense Society, and Elon H. Hooker, and Solomon Stanwood Menken, and all our other Hun-eaters? This man whom the Americans cheered was a representative of the "baby-killers," a member of that Teutonic tribe which every Liberty-loan orator ten years ago declared should be wiped off the face of the earth as unfit for association with human beings. Facts are facts, and here it must be recorded that on the shameful second of February, 1928, fifteen thousand Americans in Madison Square Garden enthusiastically cheered Dr. Otto Peltzer, the German runner, when he won his first American race, and then unitedly stood to the strains of a German anthem the public singing of which would have landed any American in jail ten years ago. We know, of course, that Dr. Peltzer won a most grueling race under every possible disadvantage, against a field of nine, on a track which he had not known, with only an hour's notice that he was eligible, and that the American crowd's enthusiasm was the tribute of lovers of sport to a magnificent athlete. But where were the patriots?

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The Shipping Muddle

BY 53 to 31 the Senate on January 31 voted for the Jones bill which continues the present government ownership and operation of merchant vessels owned by the United States. The Progressive Senators and other independently minded legislators voted in the affirmative. An amendment declaring that nothing in the bill should be construed to mean permanent government ownership and operation was defeated by a vote of 43 to 38. As the bill stands, its first section reads: "The policy declared in Section I of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 is hereby confirmed and the purpose of the United States to maintain permanently a merchant marine adequate for the proper growth of the foreign commerce of the United States and for the national defense is hereby affirmed." In addition it provides that no ship or ships can be sold unless the entire membership of the Shipping Board votes for the sale; that the Board shall be free to recondition or reconstruct any of its ships; that it shall transmit to Congress all recommendations for replacements of existing vessels whether those originate with the Board or private companies; that all vessels must be built in the United States and must be planned for their use as "auxiliaries to the naval and military services of the United States." Whether the bill will pass the House and escape the Presidential veto is questionable; its provisions are directly contrary to the President's declaration in his annual message to Congress that government ownership is a failure and that there should be an immediate return to private ownership.

We confess that this bill leaves us gasping. We have rarely recorded any legislation as confused and as contradictory. It was certainly not necessary to reaffirm the purposes of the Act of 1920. If the real purpose of the bill is to make a unanimous vote of the entire Board necessary to sell a ship, it could have been much shorter and should have been devoted to that purpose. As for recommendations to Congress, it is our understanding that the Board would have had to recommend anything calling for funds outside of the use of the revolving fund which the Board now controls. Again, if the intention is definitely to put us into government ownership for all time the bill should say so, and should declare for sole government ownership and operation, precisely as is the policy in Soviet Russia. We cannot see how there can be any continuance of the existing highly unsatisfactory situation in which government-built and government-owned ships compete directly with privately owned and operated vessels. It should be one thing or the other. It cannot be both. Next, we object strongly to the clause that each ship must be built with a view to operation as a naval or military auxiliary. Merchant ships to be successful must be built for the kind of service they are intended to render. If building them as naval auxiliaries involves extra expense above what a simple merchant ship would cost, then the government boat enters into trade with an additional handicap. Another practical question is, Shall these merchant ships be constructed with an eye to transporting troops in war time, or purely merchant cargo? It takes a special ship for the voyage to Australia, or for a steady trade to tropical climates. Shall these practical needs be subordinated to supposed military and naval necessities ten, twenty, or thirty years hence in some future war, when no one can venture to guess today what the naval conditions of that war will be?

Furthermore, bringing in this question of naval auxiliary not only injects an issue which detracts from a consideration of the main issue, namely, whether the government shall build, own, and operate merchant ships, but it immediately takes on an international aspect in that it bears directly upon the armament race that we are now entering into with Great Britain. And why should it be necessary to have a unanimous vote of the Shipping Board for the sale of a ship? That is not the custom of boards and in this case the daily press has stated that one member of the Board has voted against every proposed sale of a ship since he has been a member.

That our merchant marine is in an extremely bad plight is well known. Our ship-yards are empty, our war-built fleet is ten years old and, as far as machinery is concerned, is entirely out of date because the world has turned to the building of faster and more economical Diesel-engined tramps. Some ships are being refitted by the Shipping Board, but comparatively few. The only new proposals before Congress are those for the modernization of two old German liners, the Mount Vernon and Agamemnon, and the startling application for a government loan of $94,000,000 to the group of American capitalists who are planning four-day liners from New London, or Providence, or Boston to Europe—in their case the bait is held out that the ships can overnight be made into airplane-carriers. The Jones bill makes inevitable the reference of this proposal to Congress where it is likely to become a matter of politics. Private owners today are utterly discouraged, for they do not know where they or the government stand. They do know, however, that it is as preposterous for Congress to vote that we shall carry our goods in a government or privately owned merchant marine as it is to order the waves to stand still. That depends upon economic conditions, and upon the freeing of our merchant vessels from entanglements such as antiquated navigation laws, unnecessary port duties, and other handicaps. For decades friends of the American merchant marine have been appealing for this in vain.

More than that, the cost of ships which is so much higher here than abroad, despite our extraordinary natural advantages and the greater efficiency and skill of American labor, is in some measure due to the dead hand of the protective tariff. What nonsense for Congress to vow that we shall always have an American merchant marine before a way is open to having one that is economically sound and self-maintaining! American shippers have again proved since the war that they will not ship by American-flag ships when they can save a lot of money by using other vessels. We can have a merchant marine if we choose, but only in one of two ways. Either a free shipping, helped by legitimate mail payments and by temporary shipbuilding loans at low rates of interest, will win the cargoes it needs on its merits, as was the case when our clipper ships were in every port, or we shall have an artificially created and government-maintained merchant fleet running at a terrific loss and paid for out of the taxpayers' pockets in order that we may have the childish satisfaction of flying our flag on empty ships.

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Codifying the Law of Nations

THE Secretary General of the League of Nations recently sent out certain questionnaires and reports prepared by the Committee of Experts of the League for the progressive codification of international law. Four of these questionnaires or draft conventions related, respectively, first, to the taking of testimony abroad in criminal matters by the use of letters rogatory and the service abroad of witnesses; second, to the codification of the legal position and functions of consuls; third, to the revision of the classification of diplomatic agents as agreed upon at the Congress of Vienna; and, fourth, to the competence of municipal courts to take jurisdiction in certain cases over foreign states. The Secretary General asked the United States Government, among others, whether in its opinion these subjects could be regulated by international agreement and whether this was deemed by the United States desirable.

The State Department's answer was not encouraging. As to the taking of testimony in foreign countries, it was stated that this was a matter of State law in the United States, and in criminal cases accused persons must be confronted personally with the witnesses against them. Nor would we undertake to serve with process here witnesses desired in foreign countries. The existing extradition treaties and procedure were deemed by the United States sufficient for practical purposes. As to the legal position of consuls no further agreement seemed necessary because of the absence of any serious uncertainty in the matter and the existence of numerous bilateral treaties. Nor was reclassification of diplomatic agents considered necessary by the Washington Government.

But on the competence of municipal courts to take jurisdiction over foreign states, the United States manifested a readiness to confer with a view to reaching an international agreement. Governments are now so deeply engaged in business of various kinds that it seems necessary and only moral that they should submit to judicial control over their acts. The argument of "sovereignty" has acted like a blight to prevent such assumption of jurisdiction, although Judge Mack in a notable opinion in the case of the Pesaro in 1921 attempted to change the law for the United States by judicial legislation. The United States Supreme Court would not agree, so that now only an international convention is left to solve the difficulty.

The drafts submitted by the Experts Committee were usually left to a single reporter who incorporated his personal ideas, and the committee as a rule declined to adopt the draft as a committee draft. Personal opinions should not have been submitted to the governments. A better procedure is that planned by the Assembly of the League, meeting in September, 1928, according to which the nations are to be invited to send delegates to an international conference to be held in 1929 for the purpose of reaching an agreement on the subjects of nationality, territorial waters, and the responsibility of states for injuries committed in their territories with respect to the person or property of foreigners. The last two subjects clearly admit of at least a certain amount of codification, and it is to be hoped that an agreement may be reached. The subject of nationality will doubtless prove more difficult. Codification can be overdone, and the League may well seek to avoid raising conflicts which have heretofore not existed by attempting to bring about codification where the conditions are not ripe.

Biography or Fiction?

IT is perhaps not strange that in an age which has set so much store by the biographical novel there should have arisen such a thing as the "fictionized biography." Not that the latter thing was unknown before Lytton Strachey, André Maurois, Gamaliel Bradford, and their dozens of followers got going; but in its peculiar emphasis upon the kind of biography in which the author supposes, fills in, and "reconstructs" our age is surely unique. The novel and the "Life" do seem to be trying to meet on some neutral ground which heretofore has had no name and which may in some future time be recognized as simply one more scene of a confusion between two arts. As Lessing explored the confusion between poetry and sculpture, so some critic may yet have to define the inescapable limits of fact and imagination, history and reality, biography and fiction.

The temptation of any author to add to the confusion must be great, because doing so means taking the easier path to the end of his book. The novelist finds many of his aesthetic problems solved, or at any rate got around, when he can go to a document and let it tell the story; and the biographer, weary of research or tantalized by the insufficiency of his data, can seem to accomplish much by "supposing" that his subject felt thus and thus upon a certain occasion—and incidentally can write in that way a much more "interesting" chapter. In either case the escape is to something which looks more real than the thing for which it is a substitute—only a Lessing would maintain that, since the reality attainable by any given art is limited to the materials and methods of the art, the endeavor to transcend such limitations is sure to end in st rility and essential unreality.

It is interesting to see signs already of a protest against the fictionized biography, following by not many years a reaction against the documented novel. George Saintsbury, still perhaps the most engaging of British critics in spite of—or is it because of?—his age, has something good to say on the subject in a review of several recent biographies of Poe. Speaking in the *Dial* of Hervey Allen's "Israfel," he remarks that "the dangers of the 'reconstructive' method are perhaps more fully illustrated in his [Mr. Allen's] book than in any other known to the present writer. One can never be sure when Catarina (the cat)—as she has every right to do *really*—walks across the room with her tail up, whether this rests on evidence or not." Now if "Israfel" were a novel no one would want to know the evidence for Catarina's conduct; if it were given it would be out of place. Whereas the reader of a biography is or ought to be irritated by the intrusion of the author's imagination—particularly when the result is what Mr. Saintsbury says it is in the case of Poe, that after all this supposing and conjecturing "one is left, biographically speaking, with not very much more than one knew fifty years ago."

Emil Ludwig, the German biographer who last year and this has taken America by storm, will not, we fear, put

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down the resentment of those who find him taking too many liberties with the facts about Napoleon through his declaration the other day against the historical novel. "My ideal," he said, "is to produce a work which will be strictly accordant with the available documentary evidence, but shall none the less bear the imprint of an imaginative recreation." That last is suspicious, and so is the sentence which follows: "This comes easily to an artist who understands the determinisms that preside over human destinies great and small." Herr Ludwig, then, is not so much a biographer as a philosopher—or a god?

The English Church Crisis

THE English people, we can believe, were themselves astonished when, a few weeks ago, the fact was thrust upon them that the question of church and state had come once again into the foreground of political discussion. For nearly a quarter of a century the church had not been a live political issue in England. Lloyd George as prime minister had redeemed his pledge and brought about the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales, but the old Liberal demand for the complete separation of church and state was no longer heard in England. With the removal of the civil disabilities of nonconformists political nonconformism had decayed. In so far as the free churches retained their hold upon the younger generation, it was mainly by the social tie. The power of the Anglican parson was rapidly declining, even in the villages. Only when the divorce laws came up for discussion did traditional church opinion seem to exert any definite influence in public affairs. The episcopal bench in the House of Lords was becoming more progressive and socially minded; indeed, the Archbishop of Canterbury had endeavored to play the part of a Christian statesman in the great coal strike of 1926. As for high ecclesiastical politics, they seemed to have been almost forgotten when, by virtue of four surprising December days in Parliament, the English public awoke to the knowledge that the church question is far more interesting to the mass of men and women than party politics ever are, and a disturbing suspicion arose that for some time to come church problems may block the road of legislation.

We may find the beginning of this singularly English social and ecclesiastical crisis in an event which occurred some seven years ago. The Church of England is still under the authority of Parliament, but soon after the war it achieved a measure of self-government in the Church Assembly. The Assembly can frame rules and draw up new formularies of worship, but these, before becoming valid, must be sanctioned at Westminster. Parliament cannot reshape or even amend; it can only vote Yes or No, but its veto is decisive. Last year the Church Assembly, dominated by the bishops, voted overwhelmingly in favor of a modified Book of Common Prayer—not to supersede the famous liturgy fixed in the seventeenth century, but designed as an alternative which the parish minister might adopt or not at his own discretion. By a large majority the Lords approved the alternative book. By a more than sufficient margin the Commons rejected it. The bishops, smarting under a rebuff such as they have not known since the age of the Stuart kings, have subjected the new prayer-book to a rapid revision and have made certain changes in the draft and announced that they will resubmit it to Parliament at the earliest possible date. It is as certain as anything can be that the Commons will vote it down.

A detached critic comparing the two prayer-books, and noting only the rearrangements and verbal changes, would find it difficult to understand wherein the high importance of the matter lay. He would remark evidences of undoubted improvement in certain of the special forms, notably that of the marriage service. He would see that some minor absurdities have been removed. But he certainly would not infer that the compilers had endeavored to produce a modernized liturgy, or even to prune the old one of its too manifest redundancies and repetitions. But here is the core of the business: The new prayer-book would have gone through Parliament without serious objection if it had not contained an alternative form of the communion service, which, drawn up for the purpose of conciliating the powerful Anglo-Catholic section of the church, is denounced by the evangelical Protestant section as admitting the Roman practice and the Roman doctrine.

The central question at issue is unmistakable. It touches the mystery of the sacrament. Does the Church of England hold the doctrine of the Real Presence, and if so in what form? There is plainly upon this no common ground between the two schools of the Anglican establishment. To the high churchman the Eucharist involves the real presence; to the low churchman that is the superstition of the Mass. The framers of the alternative office of the holy communion have provided for the reservation of the elements, that is, the setting aside, for the use of the sick, of the bread and wine after consecration. Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral affirms that this is contrary to the reformed tradition of England; that the church which so acts is preparing for an unavoidable destiny, absorption into Rome. With that opinion the majority of the Commons evidently agreed. The vote was a reaffirmation of the Protestant position, and it is interesting to note that while 199 English members voted for it to 175 against, the measure was lost by the votes against it of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and of all but two of the members representing the Liberal Party.

The advocates of the new prayer-book announce that the result will be chaos in the Church of England and eventual disunion. They contend that the alternative form affords the one and only means of restoring regularity and discipline in the church. Their opponents retort that what the new book does is to provide two mutually contradictory forms, which would sharpen a vital difference of belief. Some hundreds of the Anglo-Catholic clergy served notice in advance that the alternative book was not for them, and the bishops presumably know well enough that, whether with one book or with two, they cannot enforce a non-existent authority upon celebrants who adhere to the full Catholic doctrine. In the upshot two developments would appear to be almost inevitable: First, a revived church controversy may turn the energies of Parliament and of the political parties away from the ever more urgent concerns of social and economic reconstruction; and second, from within the church itself will arise an insistent demand for the liberation of the church from the state. That is what Lord Hugh Cecil predicts, and he is, or was, the parliamentary hope of the bishops and their supporters.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

RECENTLY, I started to get quite mellow about tradition and particularly college tradition. Several old grads were at the next table and there was so much passing back and forth of cigars and so on that it grew into a reunion. One who was my senior patted me on the back and remarked: "You've said some harsh things about Harvard, but you're still a Harvard man. There is a tie which can't be loosed down at the bottom of your heart." By now the stage of the evening at which I agree to anything had been reached. Indeed we were all in a crimson glow and missed singing "Up the Street" by only a narrow margin. Good old Harvard! Lowell had his points. Blood is thicker than water. No, that was not quite a comfortable thought to harbor. Better remember the Charles and elm trees in the Yard. . . . Kennard's drop-kick and Eddie Mahan's wonderful eleven.

But when I got home I found a clipping from the Boston *Post* sent by Gardner Jackson and with a grinding of breaks my undergraduate regression stopped and skidded. In the fragment from "the great breakfast paper of New England" I read:

> Judge Webster Thayer broke down and wept openly as 700 Dartmouth men cheered him for his stand on the recent Sacco-Vanzetti case at the annual banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston at the Copley-Plaza Hotel last night. He had been referred to as "the peace-time soldier, fighting for his country."

There was a subhead "Cheer for Five Minutes" and then the story continued:

> The incident, one of the judge's first public appearances since the case, brought thunderous applause from the men of Dartmouth, when President Andrew Marshall at the outset of the banquet said that Dartmouth has always been proud of the men who have gone forth from her to fight for their country. He extolled the men of the Spanish and World Wars, and then, pointing where Judge Thayer was sitting at the speakers' table, said: "They came back weakened from their sacrifices for their country. Here is a peace-time soldier who during an internationally known murder case fought for his country."
>
> The audience rose and delivered the well-known Dartmouth Wah-Hoo-Wah cheer and then settled down to a full five minutes of thunderous applause. When it finally subsided, Judge Thayer rose from his seat, bowed, and then pillowing his face in his arms, openly wept. This was the chief incident of a most successful annual banquet.

Also, I read that the first official speaker was President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard.

Now, I have not the slightest objection to Judge Thayer's weeping. Even the sternest magistrate must let down at times and give way to pity. But for whom did Webster Thayer weep? Not for the dead I think. Nor was it for New England justice that his tears flowed as all around him rang the inspiring cry of Wah-Hoo-Wah. Rather the old gentleman wept for himself. And in this, too, he was well within his rights. Very likely the diners broke into song and "The backs go tearing by" went rolling through the room. This, also, must have been stirring, for those backs were "on the way to do or die." The case is closed. New England has said it. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" No foreigners will ever tell Massachusetts how to run her courts. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" They dared to sneer at our just institutions. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!" And dead they are, Sacco and Vanzetti. "Wah-Hoo-Wah!"

It would have been interesting to watch the face of Lawrence Lowell. One could not see the countenance of the judge of first resort, for, as in another crisis, the face of Webster Thayer was averted. Old Web Thayer was maybe just a little indiscreet. The committee said as much in its report. Indiscreet but honest. Under the circumstances the situation must have placed a certain strain on Lowell. Should he remain silent and impassive through the stirring scene or did courtesy compel him to sit up and wah-hoo a little?

Let us hope that Professor Richardson of Dartmouth was not present. That might have put a damper on the demonstration. It was Professor Richardson to whom Judge Thayer said: "Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards?" And this, according to the testimony, was uttered on the football field at Hanover where there was also much wah-hooing. Probably the committee took the circumstances into consideration when it agreed that "indiscreet" was sufficient to cover the remark of Judge Thayer.

To many, let us hope, the jamboree at the Copley-Plaza will seem obscene. If truth and right dogged every step of Massachusetts justice in the case still there would be reason to object to long cheers for an electrocution. But in this business was much that is characteristic of American tradition. It is our custom to submit contentious questions to the ordeal of trial by slogan. The lessons learned at college are never quite forgotten. Against every long cheer for Yale there must come inevitably the answer of a long cheer for Harvard. There is no age in the life of an American when he will fail to respond to the leader with a megaphone who says "Now altogether, make this go!" As the hand goes down our voices rise. It is hard for any single person to make himself heard in the heat of battle. We must cluster into choruses and make rhythmic sounds no matter what the sense is.

Never could I quite agree that the duel between Massachusetts and Sacco and Vanzetti represented simply capital against the proletariat. The factors were more complicated. Not even every Dartmouth diner who joined in cheering for five minutes felt that Webster Thayer had been right and proper in every word and action. But it was a chance to cheer. Old Web Thayer was a Dartmouth man. Pride of State and section entered into the famous case. As the opinion of the world was mustered against Massachusetts the backbone of the community stiffened. The Bay State right or wrong was the unconscious slogan which moved the mob against its quarry. Nor were college presidents above this petty, self-defensive parochialism.

Loyalties, traditions are possibly nothing more than pretty words for ingrained prejudice. Maybe man does better not to commit his roots to any dogma or any institution. Only then can he keep his head clear when all about him the world takes up the shout of "Wah-Hoo-Wah!"

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Americans We Like
The La Follette Family

By ZONA GALE

The Eleventh in a Series of Personality Portraits

CHARLES LINDBERGH invented a new degree of both physical daring and physical solitude, but he was not the first to use the word "we," less in editorial modesty than in a kind of joyous justice. Long ago, in Wisconsin, Senator La Follette had been accustomed to say quite gravely, "When we were governor." By his "we" he meant the La Follette family.

It is doubtful whether any of us is sufficiently removed from the day and the hour to evaluate that Senator and his family. Those who disapprove of them and of their policies certainly cannot do so. The silent futile folk who think in his terms but will not trouble to vote on any terms cannot appraise the man who, through hot Wisconsin summers, went campaigning up and down a State considered sure, because "more people must understand." And the five million more or less who indorsed the Senator for President in 1924, these, because they care so much, are hardly better equipped to see the La Follettes as historic figures. About 1978 someone may be less sheathed than we in minor interests and more winged than we to escape a thickly littered foreground. Then the La Follette family may sit to a retroactive camera. Meanwhile the La Follette name stands for a sovereign service: namely, the socialization of a State, and of more than a State.

Years ago, Senator La Follette went to La Crosse, Wisconsin, to speak. It chanced that of a committee sent to meet him the chairman was a livery-stable owner. Years later, Senator La Follette again spoke in La Crosse. Again a committee awaited him at the station, and now members came in motor cars. These men were ushering him to a limousine when he saw standing on the platform that livery-stable host of other days. And the Senator said: "Now, will you gentlemen go on ahead of us, and let me follow with my old friend here?" and, uninvited, he joined the devoted livery-stable keeper.

"It was thus," mournfully said a brilliant Wisconsin journalist, "that he built up his machine. Such men would do anything for him."

"It was so," said one of the humblest of his pupils, "that he overturned conventions for the sake of realities."

Two versions. One man.

Had he a political machine or had he a class of students in social values? Students who did not know either the name of their course or its relationship to society, but who, aware or unaware, caught the spirit that makes for tomorrow—namely, that spirit which will act on what it learns and will act on nothing else. If a political machine has the scientific spirit and the social spirit, then a machine was what he built up. Perhaps he did build a machine which had both these. Whatever he built, it had the energy both for research and for emphasis on human values, plus a flame without which no great movement has ever been kindled.

Wisconsin was ripe for such energy, for it was in Wisconsin that Carl Schurz had settled after the German revolution of 1848, and to Wisconsin his followers had come, because there citizenship could be more quickly acquired than in the other States. Aside from any political program, the idea of group consciousness, the consciousness that functions in an individual for the welfare of the group, not for his own success or his own soul, but for the human race here, now, and forever—this idea swept into Wisconsin from the spirit of that German exile who loved his fellows and believed in their improvability. The State became a center of actual social energy. Young Robert Marion La Follette and young Belle Case La Follette were stations that could pick up such energy, and they tuned in, and they began trying to tune in the State.

An unpretentious brown house on Lake Monona, then the Wisconsin executive residence, and later Maple Bluff Farm outside Madison, became the power stations. Energy did actually flow out from those homes, from the worn living rooms, the broad farm porch with its grapevine. In the first brown house, Mrs. La Follette had begun talking to women about their absurd clothes; in the executive residence she and the Governor gave a reception for women suffragists before suffrage was respectable; always they were advocating innumerable causes then frowned upon: women in law—Mrs. La Follette had herself been admitted to the bar, the first woman to be graduated from the University law school; women on State commissions and in State offices; measures of legislation now accepted by the world of social workers as matters-of-course and written into State and federal laws; and gradually those fundamental changes, notably railroad tax and rate legislation, which woke the State and made the Wisconsin Senator a target for the nation.

How did they know—this man and this woman—the measures of social consequence that could in the next decades shake awake complacent people either to follow those measures or to fight them? These two were both born in Wisconsin log cabins, both had arisen and moved on to the university, had graduated there, had taken the law course. Then they somehow found themselves functioning partially outside themselves, in the ill-being and well-being of other people. The words charity and philanthropy were old and approved, but the term social consciousness was not yet common to usage. It becomes clear that in what they had to do, politics was only their medium, not their end. Not that they were not ambitious—they were. Not that they were averse to honors—they were not. But they cared with passion about human values. And nobody can understand that who does not care about human values too.

No wonder that from the time Fola and Bobby and Phil and Mary were old enough to understand English, they were allowed in the room where talk about these things went on. Men coming from California, from Washington,

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to confer at Maple Bluff Farm, were often astonished to see the fair-haired girls, the black-haired boy and the brown-haired boy listening gravely and quietly to their counsels. "Let the children stay," the Senator said, or "Bring in the children—we are going to talk things over." The string of Shetlands which the children owned and loved would be left in the pasture, and the four would come up to the brown porch or into the colorful and shabby living-room and listen. Long before the public was to know those phrases, the young La Follettes understood that railways were paying taxes according to their own appraisal, that they were to begin to pay them according to the valuation of a State commission, that freight and passenger rates were to be fixed so that those increased taxes should not be paid by the public, that $600,000 had come into the State treasury in increased railway taxes in the first year of the new order—and other bits like these. In all the story of those days, which reads like the picture of a joust on a tapestry, the four "sat in," listened in company, questioned in private, and were taught social values, just as other children are armed with era-making estimates in algebra which they never use again. For these four the schools saw to algebra and such things, and there was time for recreation, for books, for the formal education of the university, for friendships; but the home table equipped them for still more of life, taught them something of the nature of social being.

It was an intensive training. But to both the Senator and Mrs. La Follette its main tenet was freedom. In this child training they were thirty years in advance of their day. Belle Case La Follette, a young and beautiful girl, abandoned the profession of law to enter the inner ministry of law in her family. "Let them decide," she was constantly saying. She spent one winter with the children, alone on the farm, and together they did the farm work. It was in that winter that Senator La Follette fell ill in Washington, and they wired to the farm. The message arrived after the children had gone to bed, so the mother left a note for them and walked three miles through sparsely settled country to take a train at four o'clock in the morning. Over and over she campaigned the State with the Senator, daunted by no condition of roads, or hour of trains, or status of hotels, because "the people must understand." She was a descendant of pioneers and she always pioneered. Mrs. John J. Blaine, wife of Senator Blaine, campaigning with her once observed: "If Mrs. La Follette should say to me, 'Now, I don't know, Mrs. Blaine, but I think we ought to walk the forty miles into Madison tonight,' I should feel that I could go." They left their children free, but they showed them that it was worth while to be free only if they used that freedom in the social struggle. Theirs was the glorified individualism of "Be thyself, but be worthy to be thyself."

"Be thyself." The Senator obeyed that order, and when the war hysteria began, the Senator obeyed that order still. Here is a paragraph, hitherto unpublished, taken from a private letter written by him January 5, 1918:

> War is a terribly destructive force, even beyond the limits of the battle front and the war zone. Its influence involves the whole community. It warps men's judgment, distorts the true standards of patriotism, breeds distrust and suspicion among neighbors, inflames passions, encourages violence, develops abuse of power, tyrannizes over men and women even in the purely social relations of life, and terrifies whole communities into the most abject surrender of every right which is the heritage of free government.

When with all his might—a telling phrase—he had sought to prevent his country from being drawn into the ancient European feuds, rooted in dead blood; when with all his might he had shouted those same words which after the war were to be used by President Wilson at St. Louis, "a capitalistic war," and by the reactionary press, "a war over raw materials"—and when he had failed, and war had been declared, and when he had thereafter voted for every war appropriation measure, "because of the boys"—then he was able to write, in that letter of 1918:

> May I say to you that in the midst of this raging storm of hate I am withal very happy in so far as my own future is concerned. I would not change places with any living man on the record as it stands today.

"Be thyself"—but he added in effect, "Thyself has no such narrow boundaries as they believe." To the La Follette family the human family was "the human being." The La Follette family was never merely a family, it was an idea, in action.

No wonder that Fola La Follette, with a voice cultivated for the stage, toured the country to speak against the political and social subjection of women. No wonder that aspect of her profession interested her which recorded truth about people and nothing else. No wonder that now, in her professions of teacher and reader, she has one passion—to foster human growth. As you listen to Phil, the younger brother, in his twenties, district attorney already, speaking in the rhythms and with the assurance of the orator of long experience—no wonder that you think of a perfectly trained race-horse, supremely ready for his track and his event. Without any question Phil is the coming La Follette in Wisconsin, as Senator Bobby is already so in Washington.

Senator Bobby, as he is called with affection in Wisconsin, probably has not a cell of consciousness which is not made of a desire to get rid of special privilege in the United States. From the time when "we were governor," he has drawn in awareness of the martyrdom of man—some of man—and he believes, as his father believed, that there is a cure for social wrongs without revolution, if the unmartyred will open their eyes in time. There has never been in Wisconsin a struggle which involved human rights as against the rights of those who were disregarding the human side in which Bobby, as schoolboy, private secretary, or Senator, has not fought with the former. His is always the socialized attitude rather than the unsocialized individual's attitude, no matter who the unsocialized individual is. In a campaign for Senator which amazed even his intimates, this man of thirty who had rarely spoken publicly, listed, at the crest of his speeches, the pet aims of the special privilege interests of the nation, and said to the people of the State: "If you want another Senator who will stand for those things, don't send me down there, for that's not the kind of a Senator I shall be." Years before they said it at Washington, they were saying in Wisconsin: "Chip of the Old Block," and "The Lion's Cub."

Patriarchal—such solidarity of family thought? Unconscious domination, the psychoanalysts would say. It is interesting that it seldom occurs to the analyst-in-the-street to instance the Borgias or the Medici as examples of family thinking. Perhaps we are so close to the primal chaos that family chaos is interpreted as a life free

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and unrestrained, while constructive family thinking and acting is called a malady. Which recalls an interpretation of Fola La Follette's, when some one said in her presence that building wreckers never have labor troubles. That wreckers are happy, and that this must mean that wrecking is our norm.

"No!" she said. "It is only that wreckers at their work have more individual freedom, while builders have always to follow somebody else's ideas. Wrecking is not our norm, but freedom is."

Here speaks the family slogan: "That the people shall build in freedom."

The La Follette family is an instance of something more than the patriarchal, of more than domination. It is an example of a fact in nature: Of group reaction and group thinking and group action as a psychological verity, just as definite as individual thinking, and far more a tool and a familiar of tomorrow than of today.

"When we were governor." One is not sure that he said it to his family alone. One feels that he said it to his State. And that to his country he was forever saying not "I am the State," but "Now that we the people are Senators, now that we the people are the State." Not a new conception, but, after all, as a practice, sufficiently novel, even on this flashing crest of one hundred and fifty-two years of democracy.

The Indispensable Mr. Hughes

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

I

Havana, February 2

AMONG all the fifty featured reporters and correspondents sent by the North American press to Havana (the number has now dropped to less than a score), I have seen only one—Roger Cortesi of the Associated Press—conversing in Spanish or following the discussions in Spanish at the meetings of the Pan-American Conference. We get our news from Mr. Hughes.

What Mr. Hughes says in English is publicly translated into Spanish; it is taken down by Mr. Hughes's own stenographer, and verbatim copies are usually ready for the newspapermen within an hour of delivery. But the speeches in Spanish are not translated; it is sometimes days before even a Spanish text of an important speech is available; and translations are likely to be a week late. In such circumstances reporters who do not know Spanish are lost.

Mr. Hughes bridges the gap. He sits through the debates with an interpreter pouring into his left ear a summary of the discussions; he takes part, alertly and intelligently, in the discussions; and all the while he makes elaborate notes for the correspondents. Immediately after the sessions of the important committees—sometimes twice a day—the correspondents gather around the long table in the office of the American delegation and listen and scribble while Mr. Hughes tells them what has happened.

Reporters for the Mexico City *Excelsior*, for the Buenos Aires *Nacion* and *Prensa*, even for a Central American press association, sit through the sessions and understand what is going on. The North American press is incompetent; it cannot understand.

Mr. Hughes is a good reporter. But he omits matters which seem of less importance to him than, for instance, to the Mexicans; and his emphasis is of course inevitably his own. His scale of values differs from that of the Latins. All the news coming to the United States is sifted through his mind; instead of many reporters at the conference, each giving his independent interpretation, we have one—Charles Evans Hughes. Before the next Pan-American conference we should take a course at the Berlitz School of Languages.

II

One bright spot in a dreary conference was Orestes Ferrara's defense of freedom of the press. Ferrara learned oratory in his salad days when he was a famous Italian anarchist; today he is Cuban Ambassador in Washington and one of Cuba's richest lawyers. When Mexico, recalling Mr. Hearst's unpunished forgeries, recommended that the publication of false and misleading news be prohibited, Ferrara pulled out the full stop of his rich organ voice and shouted that "the press should have complete freedom. No legislation of this kind is needed in Cuba or would be tolerated." It certainly is not needed. Without legislation two opposition editors have died mysteriously, others have been persuaded to take the cure in Europe, and three daily papers have been suppressed. The surviving editors watch their steps.

III

Mr. Maurtua, the big, brown Inca chieftain of the Peruvian delegation, has been wandering about Havana for days with more than his usual air of Indian melancholy. People sympathized with him, for Mr. Maurtua had to report upon the "fundamental bases of international law," and his subject includes the most dangerous line in the whole code prepared at Rio de Janeiro by the International Commission of Jurists.

That line reads: "No state may intervene in the internal affairs of another."

Now, the Peruvian delegation, because of its acute interest in Tacna and Arica, has been devoted to Mr. Hughes at Havana. And it has been suspected that Mr. Hughes is not satisfied with that line. To be sure, our own indubitably North American Dr. James Brown Scott, Mr. Hughes's colleague in the United States delegation at Havana, was one of the jurists who drew up the Rio report and he signed it. That does not matter. No one matters except Mr. Hughes at Havana.

Dr. Scott, an international lawyer and scholar, understood the obnoxious line in an unobnoxious manner. It was explained to me that, in the first place, it is not intervention if one intervenes at the request of a constituted government, as, it is said, we did in Nicaragua. In the second place, it is not intervention if, in time of disorder, one lands troops and places them about the property and persons of one's nationals in that country. That, it seems, is merely interposition.

Mr. Hughes apparently feared that someone might

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think the line meant what it said. Mr. Maurtua's Indian melancholy was due to his effort to find a substitute text which would satisfy the Latins who composed the Rio line and at the same time would content Mr. Hughes. Today he announced his results. His first achievement is the suggestion that the Pan-Americans give up the effort to negotiate a treaty upon the fundamental basis of international law, and confine themselves to "resolutions." Nobody feels bound by a mere resolution. His second achievement is to dig up a magnificent series of words composing a "declaration of the rights and duties of nations." These were drawn up, under the leadership of James Brown Scott, by the American Institute of International Law in 1916. They have the supreme virtue of having been cited with approval in 1923 by Mr. Hughes himself. In the original English they read as follows:

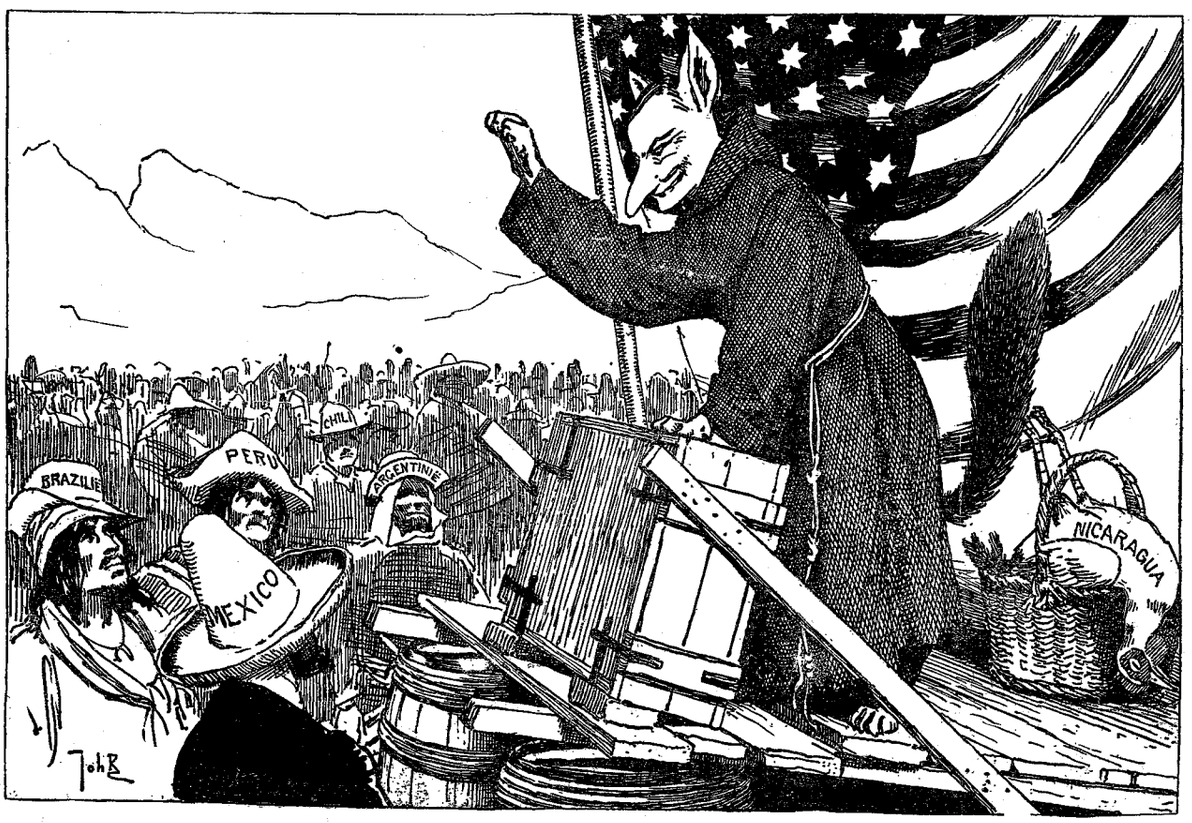
> 1. Every nation has the right to exist, and to protect and to conserve its existence; but this right neither implies the right nor justifies the act of the state to protect itself or to conserve its existence by the commission of unlawful acts against innocent and unoffending states.
>
> 2. Every nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has a right to the pursuit of happiness and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other states, provided that in so doing it does not interfere with or violate the rights of other states.
>
> 3. Every nation is in law and before law the equal of every other nation belonging to the society of nations, and all nations have the right to claim and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws entitle them.
>
> 4. Every nation has the right to territory within defined boundaries and to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over its territory and all persons, whether native or foreign, found therein.
>
> 5. Every nation entitled to a right by law of nations is entitled to have that right respected and protected by other nations, for right and duty are correlative and the right of one is the duty of all to observe.

Just what it all means I do not know; but I doubt if it will be satisfactory to the other Latin delegates.

IV

Some uncontroversial work has been accomplished. A sweet resolution upon the Red Cross has been adopted with unanimous enthusiasm; proposals for "intellectual cooperation" and for sanitary codes have been indorsed. A magnificent, all-inclusive code on Private International Law has been accepted, the United States beaming with approval but declaring that unfortunately, because of our federal system, we could not sign it. With a similar benevolent gesture Mr. Hughes has declared that he can not sign the resolution upon the right of asylum, and that upon frontier police has been reduced to a recommendation. It is evident that Mr. Hughes does not intend to sign anything which might in any degree bind the hands of the United States. We do not want customs unions, world courts, compulsory arbitration, law codes, anti-intervention rules, or anything that might restrict us in any way or manner.

Unfortunately, absolute freedom of action and membership in an international cooperative organization do not fit together. Can it be that, as the United States forced the idea of the League of Nations upon a doubtful Europe, and then withdrew, it is going to sponsor Pan-Americanism for the Latin-American nations, and then retire into a new and even more splendid isolation?



—From *De Groene Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam, Holland)

The Fox Who Preaches Peace

"The sovereignty of small nations is respected."—President Coolidge

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James M. Beck vs. the Constitution

By JOHN BILLINGS, JR.

FOR all his learned discourse on the federal Constitution, James M. Beck never felt the full authority of this charter upon his personal fortunes until he presented himself for admission to the Seventieth Congress as a Representative-elect from the First Pennsylvania District. Then, like a sudden wind from the North, his right to a seat in the House was challenged on the ground that he failed to qualify under the Constitutional provision that a man must be an inhabitant of the State he is chosen to represent. By order of the House a committee is now investigating his claim to inhabitancy of a small apartment in Philadelphia.

Regardless of how sorry may be the spectacle of a man deeply versed in the lore of the Constitution trying to twist and pry apart its plain intent to wriggle through some technical aperture into Congress, Beck's fate at the hands of the House is of minor consequence compared with the larger and more threatening issue that lies behind his case. The significance of this issue may be set forth by the question: Shall the States be represented at Washington by their own people who live chiefly and permanently within their borders and breathe their atmosphere or shall mere non-resident agents, circumventing the Constitution with the aid of ignoble political machines and the connivance of their colleagues in Congress, perform this function of State representation at the capital? The answer given by the House to the Beck case will be, in a large measure, an answer to this major question of national policy.

As a Constitutional specialist, Beck's reputation is widespread. As a blue-ribbon lawyer, he has risen to a profitable eminence in his profession. As a polished orator, he has for years preached the gospel of civic righteousness within the Constitution. As a literary pamphleteer, he has sought to popularize his reasoned conceptions of Constitutional government. As Solicitor General of the United States, he has helped to guide the Supreme Court through the intricacies of the Constitution to sane and wholesome interpretations. That such a substantial citizen, suddenly deserting his high estate, should cast in his lot with the low designs of a corrupt political organization in Philadelphia and help it along in defiance of the Constitution is just one more example of the inexplicability of human nature.

Mr. Beck's renown has tended to obscure the basic issue in this case. That the great lawyer can do no wrong where the Constitution is concerned is a theory held by many in and out of Congress. But had some hack politician instead of a "best 1920 mind" attempted this trick, Mr. Beck would have been the first to detect the assault on his beloved charter and to raise his voice in righteous protest.

In questions of inhabitancy physical facts, rather than wordy intentions, are controlling. A man lives where he does by choice and thus becomes an inhabitant, a word without legalistic mysteries. When the Constitution was framed the word "resident" was first proposed for this provision of qualification, but was later replaced by "inhabitant" to divorce more completely the new Congressional system in the United States from the practice of non-resident representation in the British Parliament. Obviously the intention at Philadelphia in 1789 was to require members of Congress to have actual and permanent abodes within their States rather than just fly-by-night residences.

Beck, under cross-examination, has supplied most of the facts against himself. He was born in Philadelphia and lived there until 1903, when he moved to New York, where he remained for seventeen years. In November, 1920, he sold his New York residence and, purchasing a large and luxurious home in Washington, transferred to the capital his family, his large library, and his "treasured personal possessions." The following June he was appointed Solicitor General, claiming a voting residence at his summer home in New Jersey, where he cast his 1924 ballot. In June, 1925, he resigned as Solicitor General and set up a law practice in Washington, with Supreme Court work as his specialty. For a year his only residence, real or otherwise, was in the capital.

In July, 1926, a desire to sit in Congress turned him back to Philadelphia politics. He leased an apartment at 1414 Spruce Street and simultaneously came forward as one of the most ardent champions of William S. Vare, political boss of the city, then a much-criticized nominee for the United States Senate. This alliance with Vare in time of trouble is the secret of Beck's sudden political success. Just as the Daugherty-Jesse Smith regime in the Department of Justice found Beck useful as a society front, so the Vare organization welcomed him into its ranks as reputable window-dressing.

The Vare machine, through Albert M. Greenfield, real-estate dealer and contributor of $125,000 to the Senatorial campaign, found Beck an apartment of two rooms, bath, and kitchenette, renting for $110 a month, in the First Congressional District—a most wretched and machine-ridden area covering South Philadelphia. Beck's name was hurriedly placed on the assessment rolls—two months before he even pretended to take this apartment—to accumulate "time" to qualify him as a voter. He returned at once to Washington and his fine home and the malodorous assignment of defending Vare.

On September 9, 1927, Beck paid his first Philadelphia tax in twenty-four years—fifty cents delivered to Vare's secretary in return for a poll-tax receipt needed the next day when he registered as a new voter. Ten days later he voted in the Republican primary. On October 26 Vare's brother-in-law obligingly resigned as Congressman-elect and Beck was nominated for his place by a group of seven ward leaders whose names Beck did not even know. He bustled into the city campaign, urging the election of the Vare ticket as a means of vindicating his new client in his fight to break into the Senate. On the Saturday before election he returned to his Washington home, claiming a cold. On Tuesday, Election Day, he was too ill to travel back to Philadelphia to exercise his first franchise as a citizen there in a quarter of a century, but by evening he was sufficiently recovered from his indisposition to attend a smart Wash-

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ington dinner party "around the corner." The next morning, from his Washington law office, he issued a triumphant statement to the press, declaring the Philadelphia election had "vindicated Mr. Vare."

Beck owns no real estate in Pennsylvania. He has no law office there. He has paid no taxes there for years, except the 50-cent poll tax. His two automobiles are registered in the District of Columbia. His federal income tax, under the Washington address, is filed through the Baltimore office, which includes the District of Columbia. The Pennsylvania clubs and societies which he cites as proof of his identification with the city carried him as a non-resident member until after his election.

As for his inhabitancy of the Spruce Street apartment, he has never eaten a meal there. He has slept in it only on occasions and keeps no clothes or books there "to speak of." Rather than disturb his sister, to whom he loans it during his long absences from Philadelphia, he would go to clubs and hotels in that city for the night, inadvertently registering from Washington. Witnesses have sworn that since he leased the place he has never been seen in the neighborhood. By his own admission, he lives far more in his Washington home than in his Philadelphia apartment.

That he never made any appeal to the voters of this brow-beaten district for election to Congress goes without saying. Instead, he ingratiated himself with the czar of one of the worst political organizations in the country and championed his disreputable cause for a seat in the Senate on an election "partly bought and partly stolen." The Vare machine did everything else from supplying him with the apartment to delivering on the morning after election the "overwhelming majority" of which he so loves to boast.

Against these facts Beck argues a continuing intention from 1903 to return to Philadelphia as a citizen. He considers that his status as a voter there also makes him an inhabitant, quite failing to recognize the fact that in one case he must satisfy only a State law, while in the other he must comply with the federal Constitution. He exhibits his apartment lease and a handful of rent checks as his best proof that he inhabited Pennsylvania. According to his contention the regular occupancy of the apartment is by no means essential. He explains that the framers of the Constitution deliberately omitted a time element in dealing with the qualification of inhabitancy, leaving that to the good judgment of each citizen. He frowns on being a disfranchised citizen in Washington, yet he continues to live there on unofficial business, even to the point of failing to vote when he had the chance in Philadelphia.

Though he compares his case to those of government officials forced to reside in the capital, there are these two important differences: Public duty did not keep Beck in Washington after 1925; Congressmen and Senators start from their States as inhabitants, and conscientiously maintain that status, whereas Beck reversed the process by starting from Washington and trying to create a fictitious residence in Pennsylvania. To many people State representation in Congress has sunk to a discouragingly low level. But any attempt to improve its personnel by the wholesale importation of men like Beck, utterly alien in thought and temperament, to districts assigned them by political bosses, would in the long run prove to be a rebelliously unpopular remedy for this problem.

Militarism or Education in Virginia?

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Richmond, January 20

IS a State justified in appropriating funds for the support of an institution which is almost purely military in character? In so far as the State of Virginia is concerned a commission of eleven prominent citizens of that commonwealth has answered this question emphatically in the negative. In a report to the legislature of the Old Dominion, made public on December 30, the commission recommends unanimously that the Virginia Military Institute be discontinued at once as a State-supported institution, on the ground that the students devote most of their time to military theory and practice at the expense of subjects which are culturally and vocationally much more important.

The full significance of this recommendation cannot be grasped by anyone who is unfamiliar with the history of the V. M. I. and the place it has held in the life of Virginia since its establishment at Lexington in 1839. Pre-eminent among institutions of its type in the South and generally acknowledged to be second only to the United States Miltary Academy among the military schools of the country, the V. M. I. is particularly sacred in the eyes of Virginians because of its association with "Stonewall" Jackson, who was a member of its faculty for ten years, and also because of the bravery displayed by the youthful cadets of the institute when called into action at New Market in 1864. V. M. I. men have likewise played conspicuous parts in the Spanish-American and World wars, and an impressive group of leaders in various walks of life has been turned out by the institute during its long history. The suggested withdrawal of its State appropriations has seemed to many Virginians to border on sacrilege.

Strangely enough, the members of this commission which has had the audacity to say that an institution devoted almost exclusively to military affairs has no proper place in the educational system of an American State are conservative and impeccable citizens of the Old Dominion who were chosen last year by Governor Harry F. Byrd and the Virginia General Assembly to make recommendations for the improvement of the system of elementary, secondary, and higher education in the commonwealth. The chairman of the commission is Robert T. Barton, Jr., a young Richmond attorney who served overseas as a captain of artillery during the World War and who is a former State commander of the American Legion. Dr. Meta Glass, president of Sweet Briar College and sister of United States Senator Carter Glass, and Dr. Charles J. Smith, president of Roanoke College, also are members of the commission. The other commissioners are equally solid and substantial persons whose integrity is unquestioned.

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In their findings relative to the Virginia Military Institute they declare that "aside from the military features of its program there is no educational service being rendered at V. M. I. which is not already duplicated or can be more advantageously and less expensively duplicated at the other tax-supported institutions." They then go on to say: "The military training at V. M. I. is too exacting and time-consuming for young men who are preparing for civilian life. The excessive number of hours given to military theory and practice impinges greatly upon the time that the student should give to real intellectual or vocational preparation for his work in life." The commission might have gone further and said that aside from its courses bearing on the military the academic standards of the institute are little better than those of a good preparatory school. This, however, would have offended the faculty, students, and alumni unnecessarily. As the report proposes discontinuance of all appropriations at the earliest possible date, the main point in the commission's argument, namely, that the State should not contribute to the support of a military school, is made amply clear to everyone.

It is not suggested that the V. M. I. be closed. The commission proposes that it be taken over by alumni or other interested parties and operated privately. Since the State has been contributing a relatively small percentage of the funds needed for its upkeep, this arrangement would appear to be quite feasible. But in the event that no one comes forward to assume the responsibility for operating it as a private institution, the commission stipulates that the type of education now provided be done away with as speedily as possible and that vocational work and preparation for professional courses be offered by the faculty of the Institute instead.

The commission of eleven Virginians was materially aided in reaching these conclusions relative to the educational needs of the commonwealth by a group of trained educators from other States, headed by Dr. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. The O'Shea committee made a comprehensive survey of the entire educational system and submitted a lengthy report. The Barton commission then adopted those portions of the report which seemed to it practicable and advisable.

Dr. O'Shea and his associates declared that "the need for the particular type of education which is found at Virginia Military Institute has largely passed," and added the following:

> The military mode of life at the V. M. I. affects the character of the educational work so that it is more formal, conventional, and static than is needed in Virginia today. In an earlier day, when education was merely disciplinary, the V. M. I.'s formal educational regime was quite satisfactory; but it has already been pointed out that Virginia is in need today of a dynamic type of education which cannot be conducted most efficiently under the conditions made imperative by the military mode of organization and conduct.

These are the findings of unbiased men and women who have given careful and conscientious study to the question. Whether those findings will be approved by the General Assembly at present in session is another matter. Considerable sentiment in favor of elimination of the V. M. I. from the list of State-supported institutions has developed since the suggestion was brought forward by the Barton commission, and several of Virginia's most influential newspapers are advocating it. On the other hand, the alumni of the institute are numerous and powerful and will bring heavy pressure to bear on the law-makers. The commission feels that the money now spent by the State on the V. M. I. "could be more advantageously invested in strengthening elementary and secondary schools, blotting out illiteracy, or making more effective investment of the taxes paid by the people in the field of higher learning." But the jingoes and professional patriots will clamor that such institutions as the V. M. I. should at all times be encouraged and supported. They will point to the glorious record achieved by the institute in the service of Mars, and will foresee hideous consequences to the State and nation if the appropriations are withdrawn. The proposal, on the whole, seems destined to produce an extraordinary quantity of fustian in the legislative halls. Whether it will produce anything else remains to be seen. The next two or three weeks will determine the result.

In the Driftway

NOT long ago the Drifter carelessly remarked that the magazines which express the revolt of the *jeunes révoltés* were filled with conventionally worded complaints of the inadequacy of all words heretofore invented in any language. Until these free spirits should devise a way of writing without words—like the long-sought technique of painting without paint or composing without tone—the Drifter incautiously advised them to set about coining new ones. The other day he saw another copy of *Transition* (he begs its pardon—*transition*) filled with the appalling results of his advice. An apparently serious writer on music regaled his ears with an onomatopoeic symphony of "Madel-grinny," "nicK-Spacing," "SKlaf-squeaking," "synthe-fluffing," all of which sound interesting to the Drifter, though he does not pretend to pronounce the capitals. When he came to "incipientated," "self-structed," "imboded," the Drifter felt that he could almost define them. It is different with the renowned Mr. Joyce in his later manner. His newborn words do not stand alone, but nudge their parents impishly, and cling to their neighbors' backs. "Brahming" might mean anything in music or Indian philosophy, but "brahming to him down the feed-chute" completes the picture with donkey's ears. Similarly with "lalipos" and "bowmpriss" and "tummell" and "drederous" and "mouldaw" and "talktapes" and "gangres" and "dneepers" (adding gangrene to Ganges—"the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin").

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER must be younger than he thought he was. He catches himself, coat off and shirt-tail streaming after the "combies" and the "glommens" and the rest—after an evasive meaning that he always fancies he sees grinning behind the fog of crazy syllables. At last it steps out, openly defies him to comprehend "proxenete," and confesses itself an anti-abecedarian. What has the Drifter done? Who is he to have a hand in founding an anti-abecedarian movement? He does not quite dare disown the fruits of his carelessness; but for himself—after looking at them attentively—he remains a pro-abecedarian.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Dogs—and Humans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the correspondence column of *The Nation* there appeared on November 9, 1927, a communication entitled Only Dogs, and on January 4, 1928, another entitled Only a Human. The writer of the first of these was obviously influenced by misleading propaganda, issued by an organization that opposes scientific medical research and would like to prohibit it by legislation. The second correspondent expresses that hope which is ever present in those who are afflicted and in the friends and loved ones of people who are suffering from incurable, fatal maladies.

I believe that most of your readers can conclude, without appeal to their emotions, whether or not ownerless dogs, that are frequently a menace to public health if permitted at large and that are deliberately put to death by the authorities if captured, should be sacrificed to prolong life and relieve human (and animal) suffering. It is my desire, therefore, to present some facts illustrating the purpose of the investigations referred to in the above-mentioned correspondence.

The role played by the adrenal glands is quite obscure. They are indispensable for life and health. Their destruction by disease results in symptoms which rapidly lead to a fatal outcome. One condition which results from adrenal disease or insufficiency, in human beings, known as Addison's disease, is characterized by pigmentation of the skin, profound weakness, low blood pressure, serious gastro-intestinal disturbances (leading to vomiting of bile or blood), and, in the terminal state, central-nervous-system derangements (delirium, maniacal yelling, hallucinations, convulsions, and coma) occur. It may develop at almost any period of life, and up to the present time has resisted all treatment.

In the H. K. Cushing Laboratory of Experimental Medicine of Western Reserve University, Professor G. N. Stewart and I have been engaged in the study of the functions of the adrenal glands in health and disease, for over twelve years. We observed, in the course of our studies, that pregnant animals (and animals in rut) survive removal of their adrenals much longer than non-pregnant ones, thus establishing a possible physiological relationship between the adrenals and the glands of reproduction. The practical significance of this observation is apparent from the fact that, at the present time, I have among my patients with Addison's disease one young woman, married two years, who must be advised whether or not pregnancy might be a favorable or unfavorable circumstance in her condition. Another young woman, engaged to be married, who developed the disease recently, desires to be advised whether or not to marry. The importance of our studies on pregnant animals is further suggested by the similarity of the symptoms which develop with the toxemia of adrenal insufficiency and those associated with certain toxemias of pregnancy (eclampsia).

Recently our studies have led to prolongation of life and mitigation of symptoms, in animals with adrenal deficiency, by administration of material prepared from adrenal glands. When perfected for human administration this extract will supply that which is essential to life and which is lacking in individuals afflicted with Addison's disease or other manifestations of adrenal deficiency. I conclude with a statement suggested by one of our patients with this disease, who finds hope for relief in the progress made through these investigations upon animals: "Anyone who aims to prohibit medical research, on the pretext of sparing a few stray dogs, should be considered willing to pass sentence of death upon the many sufferers of maladies for which a remedy is not yet known."

Cleveland, January 13 J. M. ROGOFF

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Books, Music, Plays

Tenebrae

By LEONARD CLINE

When night it was no longer
And not yet day withal,
The Holy Ghost came down to walk
Beside the orchard wall.
He had no cloak or hat against
The tepid little rain;
He smiled to hear the tongues of birds
Praise God along the lane.

But I and my new love
Late lay abed.
"The rain is falling on the leaves"
Was everything we said.

When day it was no longer
Nor yet deep dark in heaven,
Came Our Lady down the hill
In the cool even.
On her white feet no sandals
Against the dew had she;
She smiled to hear the whip-poor-will
Hail Mary from his tree.

But I and my old friend
Touched cups together:
"The moon is clear and full tonight;
It will dawn fair weather."

Now is it night or noontide
In this accursed tomb?
No testimony of a star
Confutes the curdling gloom;
And those are only winds that come
On iron doors to beat;
And lightning wraps the whole hill round
In a yellow sheet.

But I on my pallet
Lonely now lie
And hear my heart. . . . "'Tis very God
Goes scowling down the sky."

The Nicaraguan Farce

The Looting of Nicaragua. By Rafael De Nogales. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

ONE does not have to spend seven weeks in a jaguar-infested jungle or attempt to climb Monte Munsun in order to answer Will Rogers's question, "Why are we in Nicaragua and what the hell are we doing there?" The answer lies in Senate documents and in the official record of seventeen years of American foreign-loan policy in that country. The canal route and bankers' profits tell the story. Precise details may be secured from the confidential files of the Guaranty Trust Company, Brown Brothers and Company, and J. and W. Seligman and Company.

But General Rafael De Nogales, a distinguished citizen of Venezuela and a former inspector of cavalry in the Turkish army, wanted to see for himself. So one night last winter he tore himself away from an "Old Timers' Night" at the New York Newspaper Club and took a train south. He went as a neutral reporter with apparently excellent credentials. He dropped in on the Sheffields in Mexico, was entertained by the American Landing Force at Puerto Cabezas, and ran into a lot of old friends who seem to have been high up in one diplomatic service or another.

He returns from the jungles and the battlefields with a highly entertaining travel story interspersed with spicy extracts from the speeches of Senators Wheeler and Shipstead, the editorials of *The Nation*, and the manifestos of ardent Latin Americans who think our policy in those parts is anything but tender and humanitarian. He tells us little that we didn't know before—that Philander C. Knox was the father of Dollar Diplomacy, that Adolfo Diaz is a traitor, a tricky politician, a rubber stamp, and a pal of the banker-bandits of Wall Street, that Moncada is a Conservative renegade who crawled like a whining dog before our ten-dollar-a-gun pacifier Henry L. Stimson, that Sacasa is a weak sister and a kind of Kerensky, and finally that General Augusto Sandino with the labor unions behind him is an honest patriot, a hero, and the potential George Washington of his country.

This unusually timely book will serve as an admirable antidote to the special pleadings of plenipotentiary Stimson, who, with the warships to back him, bought out deserter Moncada and turned over the bill to the Guaranty Trust Company. Indeed, it presents many and significant facts that the Stimsons and their kind invariably omit from reports on Nicaragua.

One of the most interesting features of the volume is its pictures taken by the general on his, at times, quite hazardous and thrilling journey. They will help the reader to look behind the dispatches from the Associated Press correspondent at Managua, who happens at the same time to be the American customs collector for the service of the loans of the New York bankers. One shows a town in our own little Belgium where the airplane bombs have fallen heavily during the massacre of women and children. The destruction by our airmen is as complete as that by any "Hun" of the version of 1914. Then there is a splendid picture of Diaz and Chamorro—unsavory puppets of Washington—with a Mr. Dennis, late Chargé d'Affaires, whom Nogales describes as "the adhesive American minister." Wherever he goes among our Latin-American neighbors he is "a regular leech and self-invited guest on all occasions," even at private parties of the Presidents of republics. These are apparently the engaging manners of the new school of imperialist diplomats we have been hearing so much about. There is also a photograph of the conscript women of the Conservative armies with whom our marines were cooperating by establishing "neutral zones" wherever the Liberal forces were victorious. Ninety per cent of the soldiers of these armies, he tells us, were forced into service, while the former Constitutionalist armies and the present Sandino troops are made up entirely of volunteers.

But, of course, our leathernecks were there to protect American lives? General Nogales assures us that "it was not the American residents in Nicaragua who were in need of protection against the Nicaraguans, but the Nicaraguans themselves who were badly in need of protection against the Americans residing in that country and the American marines." And some of these American "residents" were real murderers. On one occasion when the brave marines turned back from an unsuccessful expedition against one lone Yankee bandit the ill-equipped but reliable Nicaraguan police went out and rounded him up. At the same time we recall that the State Department has never published the name of one law-abiding American citizen whose life was in danger in that country.

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This book confirms our earlier opinion that the State Department's invasion of Nicaragua is an undisguised war of aggression, a profit war pure and simple, and a war for "American investments and business interests"—to use the words of President Coolidge. Sandino, the brave leader of the national army of liberation, is in a sense fighting the battles of the exploited colonial peoples everywhere. Demanding the immediate withdrawal of every last marine from Nicaragua is the least Americans of liberal sympathies can do to help him.

ROBERT W. DUNN

Sherwood Anderson

The Phenomenon of Sherwood Anderson: A Study in American Life and Letters. By N. Bryllion Fagin. Baltimore: The Rossi-Bryn Company. $2.

Sherwood Anderson. By Cleveland B. Chase. The Modern American Writers Series. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

A New Testament. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright. $2.

AT the moment Mr. Anderson's chief function appears to be that of a social solvent. Inject him into a group of readers and that group will immediately resolve itself into two parts. One part will consist of bewildered primitives, the other of civilized human beings. To buttress what may seem to some an over-arrogant division two monographs appear just in the nick of time. Mr. Fagin is still bellowing in the American forest of 1912. Mr. Chase is a civilized man. Between the two of them Mr. Anderson is almost annihilated, for the whoopings of his disciples are almost as destructive as the ironies of his critic. These studies appear to confirm the suspicion which Mr. Anderson's recent books have done much to arouse: he is in need of a long, long vacation. Editing a country newspaper is just the thing.

Mr. Fagin's hand holds a large paint-brush instead of a pen and his arm is continually irritated by a series of small electric shocks. The style that results is one almost miraculously fitted to record any impassioned discovery of Mr. Anderson's genius. It lifts its voice in a rapt religious bawl to proclaim to us the gospel of the Bewildered School of American fiction: that because Mr. Anderson was once a little John the Baptist crying in the Midwestern wilderness he is now a great artist and a significant man. Did he not reveal to us the mechanization of our lives? Did he not make us realize that Business Isn't Everything? That Material Achievement is often followed by Spiritual Disillusion? Did he not look the Facts of Sex straight in the Face and voice the Aspirations of the Inarticulate? Mr. Fagin answers all the questions with an excited and perspiring affirmative.

Mr. Chase's courteous and restrained English offers a needed relief to Mr. Fagin's distended and asthmatic sentences. Correspondingly, to the latter's overblown emotionalism he opposes a cool and critical temper which refuses to be hoodwinked by Mr. Anderson's mysticism, or, rather, mystification, his pesudo-Russianism, and his enormous reputation. His imposing array of facts and quotations substantially confirms the general conclusions reached by the present writer in these columns some months ago. There is no space here to elaborate Mr. Chase's clear, serene argument. It is enough to say that he does not leave one of Mr. Anderson's weaknesses untouched—his day-dreaming, his flight from reality, his intellectual monotony, the conventionality of his plot construction, his emotional obfuscation, his quack philosophy, the persistent intrusion of his personality, and his complete bewilderment before aesthetic and vital problems that are simply too difficult for him to face. Unerringly he punctures Mr. Anderson's pretensions to being an interpreter and critic of our national life. "Anderson doesn't understand and at heart dislikes modern life. No matter that there is much in that life to dislike, it is the only life Anderson has to describe; and to do that validly, whether sympathetically or satirically, he must understand it. Unfortunately, his fear-inspired dislike dulls when it does not kill his understanding. His dislike does not find utterance in a biting attack but in the hysterical wail of a defeated man." This could not be better said. Mr. Chase makes a similar point when he refers to "Many Marriages" and its "whining, insinuating note that becomes increasingly annoying."

After a process of rejection which is probably over-kind Mr. Chase is forced to conclude that "Winesburg, Ohio" is the only one of Mr. Anderson's books which can definitely be called a contribution to American literature. It is his reasoned conviction, now becoming patent to all but *les fauves*, that each succeeding volume has marked retrogression to the point of mental decomposition. As evidence of the continuity of this sad process may be adduced "A New Testament." This absurd collection of Zarathustrian aphorisms reminds one irresistibly of the "thoughts" about "the wonder of life, the terror and strangeness of it all" which one may find in many an imaginative sophomore's private notebook and which he is careful to destroy in his junior year. Turning to Mr. Chase's monograph we find the feeling confirmed: "One can understand how in a period of unusual bewilderment or depression he may have written these poems; school and college boys often have the same impulse; one wonders that he should publish them as they are."

At the risk of appearing funereal, one is tempted to repeat the concluding phrases of Mr. Chase's admirably honest and invigorating study: "To the pure metal of genuine inspiration he preferred cheap substitutes, and so returned to his world of thin romanticism and sentimentality. The chance was his; we can but regret that he has not yet made real use of it."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Fallen Deities

Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance. By Roger Sherman Loomis. Columbia University Press. $6.

WHEN the gods go half-gods arrive, and, close upon their heels, quarter-gods and eighth-gods and throngs of others with infinitesimal fractions of deity. To Mr. Loomis and his school romance is faded mythology. The old Celtic celestials, who preserve in Irish folk-tales some glamor of godhead, have in the less worshipful air of Wales and Brittany put on mortality with their medieval mail-coats. So far have they fallen from their former heaven that the twelfth-century romancers who derive their knightly heroes from Breton *lais* and *contes* have no inkling of their erstwhile divinity. But twentieth-century scholars, with keener vision and subtler scent, can be trusted to trail a god in any form or garb. No easy feat this, for the Irish immortals, particularly the lords of sun and storm, are notable shape-shifters, wheresoever they may wander! Most protean of all these deities is Curoi, now hailed as solar god, whose ruddy face gleams behind the masks of Lancelot and Galahad and Gawain and Perceval and all the brotherhood of the Grail. Queen Guinevere is deemed "the leading lady in a nature myth," and seemingly all the dames and damsels of Arthurian story are the primeval goddesses of the moon or of vegetation in very deep disguise. Scholarly faith in the omnipresence of these potent figures of the Celtic pantheon never falters, but inspires ingenious parallels between myths and romances not always perceptible to the untrained eye, and links the names of gods and heroes by etymological processes no less amazing to the uninitiated than that which traces Middletown to Moses.

If Mr. Loomis is right, the staple of the stories of Arthur is pagan with a very thin veneer of Christianity; for it appears that even a great artist like Chrétien de Troyes had his stories made to his hand by the Breton inheritors of mythical

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motifs. The Holy Grail and Spear, we have not long since learned, are but survivals of the symbols of heathen rituals at once obscure and obscene. Arthur is thus "the central figure of the accumulated mythology of a thousand years." Indeed this supernal genealogy does not stop at a mere thousand, but mounts two thousand years and more in lifting the ancestry of Arthurian knights higher than the petty provincial gods of the western isle, even to Phoebus and Demeter and Persephone, whose names and fame (so says our author) were borne to the Celts by roving traders from the Mediterranean. As in many pretentious pedigrees of earth, the gaps are often more obvious than the links; for, in his close communion with deified powers of nature, our herald seems now and then blinded by the wind in his face and the sun in his eyes.

FREDERICK TUPPER

Bismarck

Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter. By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter. By Emil Ludwig. Three Plays: I *King and People;* II *Union;* III *Dismissal.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

WAS Bismarck, like Napoleon, an "inharmonious" genius at war with the spirit of the age in which he lived? The glamor of his triumphs blinded two generations to the essential weakness of his accomplishments, which to a large degree were undone by the World War. The empire he fashioned went down to destruction. The territories he gained were lost. The political principles he advocated were repudiated. United Germany remained, but the new unity that was established would have aroused all of Bismarck's contempt and hatred. Nevertheless, like Napoleon, Bismarck remains a figure of absorbing interest, and every generation will rewrite his biography.

Herr Ludwig in his biography of Bismarck and in the three plays based upon the latter's life brings to the task the abilities of a journalist of a high order. He is acutely intelligent and widely read, and he writes easily and well. Moreover, he excels in a genre created by himself, the close interweaving of the private and public life of his hero. Bismarck emerges from Ludwig's pages a unified personality who is easily identified in every scene of his dramatic life.

Great historical figures generally undergo three transformations. First they are heroes leading the nation to glorious triumph; then they become legends inspiring succeeding generations to veneration; finally, they—at least some of them—become case studies for the modern psychologist. Herr Ludwig's book is written in the spirit of the Bismarck legend, and is therefore a glorification of the Iron Chancellor. It is also a challenge. Every chapter in the book points to the Kaiser as the man who brought to naught the great work of Bismarck. The volume is written with one eye on 1870 and the other on 1914.

According to his biographer three elemental spirits "stood beside Bismarck's cradle—pride, courage, and hatred." And yet fate ironically decreed that the masterful Bismarck should be subject to another's will. However, it was his good fortune to spend nearly all of his public life in the service of William I, a slow-witted, honest, and simple-minded man whom he completely dominated. Although he exalted monarchy no one despised monarchs more heartily than did Bismarck. His sarcastic remark about having seen "three kings naked," his contempt for William I whom he considered more stupid than an ox, and his rancorous distrust of William II show the deep resentment of a born ruler of men "doomed to service," a "tragical figure of a genius enslaved."

Herr Ludwig devotes considerable space to Bismarck's break with the Kaiser, and he plainly intimates that the fall of Bismarck prepared the way for the downfall of the German Empire. He fully accepts the "Dropping the Pilot" legend, 'n spite of the fact that he shows clearly enough that it was impossible for anyone, having independent views, to work with one so dictatorial as Bismarck. Nothing in the latter's long political life became him less than his manner of leaving it. Always he had threatened to resign when matters did not please him, and always had the threat been sufficient to bring William I to his way of thinking. But William II had a mind of his own. When they disagreed and Bismarck offered his resignation, it was accepted. After Bismarck got over his surprise he became insensate with fury. During his retirement he secretly carried on a campaign against the Kaiser, inspiring newspaper attacks and malicious gossip.

Herr Ludwig's book is not primarily a history of the Bismarckian epoch but a diagnosis of the "tactics of a mighty intelligence." So personal is the author that the historical background often becomes dim, and even confused. Bismarck is revealed as a man who was little interested in ideas and movements but uncannily gifted with insight into men and affairs. The huge bulk, the hearty manner, and the rough humor of the Junker statesman were merely a façade behind which lurked a mind infinitely subtle and complex. It was Bismarck who discovered that, in diplomacy, even truth could be used as a means of deception. That mixture of "superman and artful dodger" had an unrivaled understanding of the statecraft of Europe and of the ways of its practitioners. So great was his mastery of the existing system that he could imagine no other; hence he contributed nothing to the progress of international relations.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

"The Kid" and "Calamity"

The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid. By Pat F. Garrett. Edited by Maurice G. Fulton. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats. By Duncan Aikman. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

> Oh, that finger of Billy the Kid,
> What a heap o' harm it did. . . .

WHEN Phil LeNoir—health to his gallant ashes!—wrote the rollicking ballad of "The Finger of Billy the Kid" he signified why two volumes and numerous essays treating of Billy should have been printed within the last year or two. The Kid was so popular that not long after his sudden death a showman throve by exhibiting what he claimed was his trigger finger. That was going on fifty years ago. Tourists today so seek the Kid's grave that citizens of New Mexico are talking of erecting a monument over it. If they do, the tourists will carry it off chip by chip as they have carried off Sam Bass's gravestone at Round Rock, Texas. Billy the Kid is better known than Sam Bass. He is far better liked than Wild Bill Hickok. He is the most famous bad man of the Old West. He bids fair to become one of America's immortals. His career has seized popular imagination, not because he killed more men than any other outlaw, though he killed his share, but because he had a winsome personality, because his fight against capture was extraordinarily spectacular, gay, gory, and desperate, and because at the age of twenty-one he stood forth as the central figure in a widespread defiance of law so bloody and prolonged that it came to be dignified as the Lincoln County War.

Lincoln County is in New Mexico. In 1881 Sheriff Pat Garrett of that county finally "got" the Kid. A year later he, with the help of a newspaper man, prepared a "faithful, interesting, and authentic" life of the "noted desperado" with whose name his own is now always linked. The biography was privately printed and promptly forgotten. Now Maurice G. Fulton, an instructor of English who writes textbooks, has pro-

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vided this "Authentic Life" with an introduction and notes. It is a straightforward, honest tale, told without prejudice or heroicals. Even if one has read last year's successful "Saga of Billy the Kid" by Walter Noble Burns, Charlie Siringo's intimate account of the same man, R. B. Townshend's delightful chapter in his "Tenderfoot in New Mexico," and Frederick Bechdolt's stirring Warriors of the Pecos in "Tales of the Old Timers," one will still find Mr. Fulton's refurbished "Authentic Life" fresh and informing.

Pat Garrett's point of view is old-fashioned. It is that of a man who has his eye merely on the subject of his biography and who writes as one man of another man. Not so is the point of view of Duncan Aikman. In "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats" he has his eye on the audience, and he patronizes his subject sufficiently to meet the requirements of the most exacting snob of the Philip Guedalla school. He merely tosses up plain old Calamity Jane and the other "lady wildcats" for the amusement of the sophisticated 1920's. Where verbosity does not clog action and trickery does not trip itself up the tossing is adroit, and no doubt for those who know little of the subject the amusement will be sufficient.

Calamity Jane is one of the legendary figures of the West. There is a whole cycle of yarns, barely noted by Mr. Aikman, as to how she got her name Calamity. She was a gambler, wore breeches and a six-shooter, took her whiskey straight, and claimed to be an Indian scout. She was generous-hearted and she liked to be with men. Whether she was as omniverous in her carnal appetites as Mr. Aikman delights in suggesting I do not know. If so, physiologists should study her bones. She managed to get herself buried alongside Wild Bill Hickok. Chief among the other lady wildcats is Belle Starr, the most effective holdup woman of the West. J. Frank Dobie

Books in Brief

The Last Post. By Ford Madox Ford. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

The concluding volume of a tetralogy in which Mr. Ford endeavors to depict the passing of the Tory mentality in England. The present book transfers the interest from Christopher Tietjens to his die-hard elder brother Mark; and makes a bad mess of it. Mark himself is so dull, so insanely attached to a whole set of outworn conventions, that his stream of consciousness ceases to be interesting. Mr. Ford struck his high point in "No More Parades"; he should not have been permitted to write "The Last Post," which, far from rounding off his work, will do much to destroy its validity.

Cups, Wands, and Swords. By Helen Simpson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A novel by a very talented young woman which in its general theme reminds one of Margaret Kennedy's latest book. Miss Simpson's group of modern Oxford undergraduates is credible and amusing; she has a Dickensian flair for the conversation of charwomen, vaudeville jugglers, and public-house keepers; but a curious mental perversion especially marked in the smart London of today leads her to ruin her book with a ridiculous framework of gipsy superstition and a climactic piece of parlor-trick clairvoyance which puts her in the same class with Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. If Miss Simpson outgrows her spooks her next novel will be well worth reading.

The New Decameron. Fifth volume. Brentano's. $2.

Prize Stories of 1927. O. Henry Memorial Award. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Neither of these short-story anthologies, one English, the other American, approaches in quality the two O'Brien collections for the year. "The New Decameron" contains unpublished tales by Michael Sadleir, A. E. Coppard, E. M. Delafield, Gerald Bullett, L. A. G. Strong, Naomi Royde-Smith, Evelyn Waugh, G. B. Stern, John Presland, Cicely Hamilton, and Ernest Betts. There is not a distinguished piece of work in the book, which one suspects was formed by including the less serious efforts of the authors. There is one redeeming quality about this English collection, however, and that is its complete lack of vulgarity. The shoddiness of original impulse which characterizes the O. Henry volume seems rooted in the American magazine product. The most vulgar story of the lot is Elisabeth Cobb Chapman's tale of the Jewish jazz singer who stopped being ashamed of his race and began to troll forth the Songs of Solomon in a Broadway night-club. It seems only fair to stigmatize this tale as the worst in the volume and quite probably the worst in the world. The collection is partly redeemed by its two prize-winning stories, Roark Bradford's Child of God and Ernest Hemingway's The Killers.

Show Window. By Elmer Davis. The John Day Company. $2.50.

Mr. Davis, although he is an essayist of some erudition and considerable common sense, has achieved a position which warrants this collection of his recent magazine articles chiefly because of his extraordinary success in irritating people. The Age of Impotence, we are told, has made the Futilitarians feel even more futile; Have Faith in Indiana, as Mr. Davis admits, displeased many Hoosiers; the Portrait of a Cleric enraged the admirers of Bishop Manning—there are some. So it goes. As for the reviewer, he was irritated by Mr. Davis's assumption that it is evidence of practically unique independence and intelligence to disagree with Mr. H. L. Mencken.

Music

New Developments

IT was a happy chance that led the Compinsky Trio, the Musical Art, and the Marianne Kneisel Quartets to give their respective concerts within the same week and so bring home with cumulative force their collective significance. This significance is youth, which, in this particular instance, is more vital than the greatest virtuosity, although the two quartets in question are not without musical distinction. The Musical Art, for instance, stands out for its rich unanimity of tone, thanks to the princely loan by Felix M. Warburg of a marvelous quartet of Strads; while the other four have the advantage of Franz Kneisel's daughter in leadership and name. These are not the things, however, that make these organizations more important just now than a Pro Arte Quartet or an Elshuco Trio, but the simple fact that here are three groups of graduate students of both sexes choosing one of the most exacting and least material of the arts. In doing so they are deliberately rejecting all short cuts to fame and fortune, for chamber music demands the highest qualities of patience, self-abnegation, and musicianship and offers no fabulous rewards. A good living, the joy of pure music, the gratitude and respect of fellow music lovers—these are the fullest returns its devotees can hope for. Surely, then, we can claim another musical milestone when we find our youth turning to such antidotes of sensationalism.

That it is a definite and progressive movement one can no longer doubt. For one thing, it was carefully and thoroughly started by that master of ensemble and father of chamber music in this country—Franz Kneisel. Not only are the quartets already mentioned almost entirely the result of his individual training, but also another one of its kind, the Helen Teschner-Tas Quartet; while there is probably not an orchestra in the country that does not include one or more of his tutelage. For another thing, institutions like that of the Curtis have followed the example of the Musical Art by having another great ensemble player, Louis Bailly, one of the original Flonzaleys, to teach this difficult craft. And the movement itself has even

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spread among other instruments, such as the harp, in which one of its masters, Carlos Salzédo, has already trained two distinguished ensembles, the Septet which bears his name and the Lucille Lawrence Harp Quintet.

What the results of this movement will be we can only yet surmise. We know that it is already opening up a new and valuable field for the young instrumentalists who can as yet find no place in symphony orchestras, and that it is offering opportunities of ensemble training to the sex that our symphony orchestras still bar. For the present, however, we may well be content with the fact that through this movement of youth chamber music is at last becoming a practical reality in our daily life. Hitherto it has been more or less of a decoration.

Just when the musician seems to have reached a deadlock, along comes the physicist to help him out. Professor Léon Théremin, the Russian scientist, has just captured by a mere wave of the hand, as it were, the "music of the spheres," and with it all the quarter tones and harmonics, dynamics and sonorities, and even synchronizations with color and movement that have been occupying the dreams of musical experimentalists since the war. His little electrical coffer with its vertical and round antennae is apparently no Pandora's box of troubles, for it responds to the professor's coaxing hands with the most celestial tones of what seems to be in one instance a glorified violin, viola, or 'cello, and in another a superhuman voice. What is more important, however, is that he has indicated the mechanical "music of the future" (of which so much has been prophesied) not as the soulless product of machines but as the most intimate personal expression unhampered by material limitations. One can again take hope!

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

"Strange Interlude"

NO play of recent years has aroused so much preliminary speculation as has Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" (John Golden Theater). Rumors of its odd method and its extraordinary length contributed no less than the fame of its author to make "news" of the coming production, and there was not, I fancy, a single commentator on things theatrical who did not await the fatal afternoon (for the play begins at five-fifteen) more tensely than a hardened observer is permitted to confess. Each knew that he would be expected to have a decided opinion and each was balanced between two fears—the fear lest he be hynotized into believing himself more impressed than he really was and the opposite fear lest he lean over backward into mere insensibility. Between the devil and the deep sea, Which should he choose—the risk of going down to posterity as a soft-headed fool or the worse risk of being reminded some ten years later that he had greeted a masterpiece with wise-cracks popping like thorns under a pot? He must, unaided, trust the adequacy of his perceptions and, taking his courage in his hands, pronounce an unequivocal opinion. "Strange Interlude" had unwound its five-hour length. What of it?

For a long time to come critics will be busy with their reconsiderations and their second thoughts. There will be a time for interpretations of the theme and analyses of the characters; but for the moment what those who have not yet gone to the John Golden want is a vigorous "aye" or an equally vigorous "nay"; and there can be no doubt, I think, that the "ayes" must ultimately have it. Nor is it to be forgot that this must mean infinitely more than it would mean in the case of any mere everyday dramatic production, for extraordinary things can receive only extraordinary justifications. Not only must Mr. O'Neill justify his taking a very unusual amount of our time but he must also justify his very unusual disregard of the conventions of dramatic writing. No play has, so to speak, a right to consist of nine long acts in which the dialogue is continually interspersed with speeches representing the unspoken thoughts of the characters—to be written, that is to say, as no play was ever written before—unless it justifies the liberties which it takes by giving us in return something which no play ever gave before. Yet "Strange Interlude" survives even this very hard test. It does give something—some depth, some solidity—which no play has ever had, and its strange method does make possible a kind of virtue new to dramatic art.

The drama has always seemed the form of expression best suited to an heroic age and the novel the form best suited to a complex and baffled one, since a certain simplicity of presentation has been inseparable from playwriting. The production of a play has implied both a story elementary enough to be recounted almost in the form of an anecdote and a view of human life uncomplicated enough to be presented almost without shadings. While the modern mind has found itself unable to express its reactions without the infinite qualifications and the subtle half-thoughts which its most characteristic literary form makes possible and while, in the hands of its masters—the Dostoevskis and the Prousts—only the things not quite sayable have seemed any longer worth saying, the stage has seemed destined to remain, perforce, content with simple outlines. It has been, in short, a place where only major chords could be struck even though existing in an age which had lost the power to be moved by any but the subtlest and most difficult harmonies. It knew best the language which stirs the blood of confident and thoroughly integrated people, it could remember how it had swayed passions of unified societies like those of Periclean Athens or Elizabethan England; but it had remained, as even those of us who study it most closely must admit, far less capable than the novel of speaking to baffled and divided spirits.

What Mr. O'Neill has done, then, is to take a story which is not only longer than the ordinary story of a play but one which invites, or rather demands, that brooding subtlety of treatment impossible in the ordinary dramatic form, and he has made out of it something which not only holds every one of our faculties employed but remains, like one of the greatest modern novels, to tease the mind with the sense that there will be, for a long time to come, new discoveries to be made in the memory of its labyrinthine passages. Without the many innovations of his method this particular story could not be told, these particular effects could not be obtained upon the stage, and he has, therefore, conquered a new province for the theater. He is, for example, the first to dare to make full use in the drama of that introspection without which it would be impossible to imagine the existence of a large part of modern literature, and he is the first to employ there our newly won knowledge of the unconscious, not in such a way as to make it the foundation of a highly simplified pattern like that of "The Silver Cord" or "Hidden," but in such a way as to make it cast over all the events that uncertain, flickering light which it sheds in the life around us. Yet no enumeration of such specific or detailed originalities will serve adequately to indicate the originalities of the play, and it can only be said, as it was said before, that "Strange Interlude" conquers a new province for the theater. In the past our dramatists have been lazily content to say that most of the things which gave modern literature its excuse for being were "not suited to the stage." Mr. O'Neill has succeeded in making them dramatic.

I hope to return again to this production and to say something both of the wholly admirable work of the chief performers—Lynn Fontanne, Glenn Anders, Earle Larimore, and Tom Powers—and more especially of the magnificent work of the director, Philip Moeller, who created a style to fit the drama. "Strange Interlude" is Mr. O'Neill's best play and it has received by far the best—the "rightest"—production which his plays have ever received.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Rumanian Riots—Made to Order

By EMERY DERI

SEVERAL weeks ago American newspapers printed a few hazy and confused dispatches about the violent anti-Jewish riots that had occurred in Rumania on the occasion of a student congress held in the city of Oradea Mare, one of the most important cultural centers in the redeemed Transylvanian province. Not even the habitual readers of the cable page, well trained in deciphering cryptic messages, could make much of these fragmentary narratives, which were, for the most part, dated from places outside of Rumania and were evidently based on second- and third-hand information. They played up the only American angle of the story—the beating administered to an American citizen, Captain Keller—and displayed satisfaction with the Rumanian Government, which hastily agreed to pay $15,000 damages to the thrashed American; apart from this the American public was left in doubt as to the real nature and the causes of the riots. However, M. Cretzianu, Rumania's able envoy to Washington, in a statement which may be called a masterpiece of Balkan diplomacy, explained everything that had been left unexplained in the cables of American newspaper correspondents. Though M. Cretzianu found the devastation of synagogues and the attacking of Jewish citizens deplorable, he ascribed these excesses mostly to the youthful exuberance of the students, absolved the Government of responsibility, and predicted that punishment would swiftly be meted out to the culprits, closing his statement with a mild threat to the effect that an exaggerated treatment of the affair in the American press would not serve the cause of the Jews in Rumania.

For lack of reliable information, the American public swallowed this statement. Had the Rumanian censorship been more efficient in detecting leakages in its system, the whole affair of the recent Rumanian pogroms would by now have sunk into oblivion. Unfortunately for M. Cretzianu, however, even the news-suppressing machine of his Government seems to be in need of reorganization. For it has, though unwittingly, allowed to pass into foreign countries documents telling the true story of what happened to the unfortunate national minorities of Rumania—Jews, Hungarians, Germans—during those days when Rumanian students were permitted to give vent to their youthful exuberance. Fugitives from Transylvania brought with them the testimony of eye-witnesses, excerpts from speeches of opposition Deputies and Senators, and copies of Rumanian newspapers which otherwise would never have found their way across the border. These documents give a picture of the Rumanian "riots" entirely different from that of M. Cretzianu and infinitely more illuminating than the hazy and mutilated cables of American newspapermen.

There were no anti-Jewish "riots" in Rumania. What happened in the first and second weeks of December in Transylvania was a country-wide bloody pogrom directed against the national minorities, organized by responsible government officials, supported by the Government, aided by the army and the police, planned, prepared, executed, and finally hushed up and camouflaged by the governmental machine of M. Vintila Bratianu. It was a pogrom made to order and executed in the classic Russian style of the Czarist regime, with the same purpose of distracting the attention of the masses from the paramount political issues and of dealing a blow to the seething and embittered national minorities. It was carried out according to a preconceived scheme planned to the minutest detail.

The political situation of Rumania, chaotic and disorganized since the spectacular resignation of Crown Prince Carol, became tense in November when Ionel Bratianu, the country's virtual dictator, died. The family rule of the Bratianu dynasty, the questions of the throne and the regency, the land problem, and the reform of the corrupt administrative system suddenly loomed ominously on the political horizon. The redeemed provinces, where a cruel and corrupt feudal system had introduced new methods of racial and religious persecution, were seething with excitement. The separatistic movement in Transylvania grew threateningly strong and its champions joined forces with the Carolists. As recently as November the situation was ripe for a dramatic surprise; and well-informed Transylvanian circles in America—particularly Germans—openly discussed the various possibilities and pledged financial support to the emissaries of their suppressed coracialists. These emissaries also reported the efforts of the Rumanian Government artificially to infect Transylvania with the bacilli of militant anti-Semitism. To manufacture a "Jewish question" in Transylvania, where religious tolerance is rooted in centuries-old tradition, seemed to be the simplest way to divert attention from the real issues. Anti-Semitic agitators, sent especially from the "Regat"—Rumania proper—appeared in the large Transylvanian cities and made futile efforts to prepare the ground for what was about to come.

Then came the announcement of the Rumanian students' organization that the next students' congress would be held in Oradea Mare, a city with an overwhelmingly Hungarian population. It is unusual to hold this congress in a city so far away from the centers of Rumanian culture, but apparently the Government approved the choice, because it obligingly placed a special train at the disposal of the students and, according to the written statement of M. Lorin Popescu, leader of the organization, it gave 100,000 *leu* to cover organization expenses. The task of organizing the congress was placed in the hands of General Mosoiu, a man closely connected with the Bratianu Government. According to Senator Filderman the chiefs of police in the various Transylvanian cities received special instructions a week before the congress to the effect that they should not interfere with the doings of the students. These instructions were given personally by Minister Tatarescu, who was one of the chief organizers of the affair.

The students' train left Bucharest with 5,000 men, led by the notorious anti-Semitic leader Danulescu. Hardly had the train crossed the borders of pre-war Rumanian territory when the overtures of the pogrom commenced. On the stations where the train stopped the students attacked and beat defenseless Jews, cut off their beards, and ransacked

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stores. According to the newspaper *Lupta* scenes like this took place in Kishenew and Salnici, while in Kronstadt the students stormed the railroad restaurant, beat the proprietor and the waiters, attacked and ill-treated many Germans, and continued their way to Banffyhunyad, where they sacked the business section of the town.

After these preliminaries the congress in Oradea Mare began. During the first forenoon session nothing particular happened, except that the students received a special issue of the college paper *Cuvantul Studentesc*, which contained an editorial to the effect that the students should defend the cause of Rumanian culture even, if it be necessary, at the cost of force and violence. The manifesto apparently had its effect: a few hours later the students set out to "defend" themselves against the editor of two Hungarian dailies in Oradea Mare, Dr. Adolf Sonnenfeld, who went to cover the congress himself and was attacked and beaten by the students as a "spy of the Hungarians and Jews." An hour later his lifeless body was thrown out to the street. The unfortunate man was stabbed to death. The same evening armed students visited the editorial offices of all the newspapers, telling the editors that they were not permitted to print anything about the congress; and that if they did they would share the fate of Sonnenfeld.

On the following day—it was Sunday—student leaders distributed printed circulars among the students. The circular opened with the words: "The hour for action has struck . . . ," and was signed by Professor Calinianu, known as a supporter of the Bratianu Government. Immediately the pogrom began and raged for days in the dazed and terrified city, trembling under the reign of bloody terror. First the onslaught was directed against the Jews. The three synagogues of the city were devastated, invaluable religious relics and ancient books were thrown into the mud of the streets, and practically all the stores were looted. On the third day three men were murdered and the number of seriously wounded had jumped to sixty-five.

According to Deputy Madgearu, who described the events in Oradea Mare in a speech in Parliament—which, however, was printed only in part by the Bucharest papers—the streets looked as if they had been ravaged by a hostile army. The students were led by the chief of police, M. Bunescu, while M. Egri, the mayor of Oradea Mare, gave a banquet in honor of the pogrom leaders. The house of the mayor stands opposite one of the synagogues and M. Egri and his guests witnessed from the balcony the looting and ransacking of the building and the killing of a man named Joseph Katz. The police did not raise a finger against the students. They did, however, arrest 300 organized laborers, workers in the leather factory of Hartmann Brothers, who had armed themselves with iron rods awaiting a possible attack on the factory. The charge against them was treason and conspiracy. One victim, the owner of a first-class hotel, M. Veiszlovits, who had been beaten senseless and had stabbed two of his attackers in self-defense in the course of the struggle, was also placed under arrest; while his attackers went scot-free, the police placed armed gendarmes before his room in the hospital, where he lay between life and death.

All outside communication from and to Oradea Mare was suspended during the pogrom. There was no telegraph, no telephone, no possibility of asking for outside help. Still, Minister Tatarescu was able to communicate

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from Cluj with Chief of Police Bunescu on the third day of the riots and reported to Bucharest that nothing serious had happened and that there was no reason why the congress should be closed. His order to M. Bunescu was: "Everything is all right, the thing can go on." And "the thing" went on with unabated fury. It now turned against the Hungarians and ended with the devastation of all Hungarian stores, printing plants, and newspapers and with the murder of a second newspaperman, the unfortunate Andreas Fleischer.

At last the special train was ready to leave and the students boarded the vehicle which was to carry them to new and untouched territories. It took the train four days to carry its load of hooligans to Bucharest, because it had to stop in every large city, where it waited while the students did their bloody work. There was practically no city en route which was not looted by the students. According to Senator Filderman the chiefs of police were everywhere prepared to receive the pogromists. They showed them around, pointing out stores owned by Jews, Hungarians, or Germans. The chief of police in Cluj, according to the Rumanian newspaper *Dimineata*, incited the hooligans to acts of violence with the result that here again they left one dead and twenty-three wounded on the streets. In Targul-Ocna the mayor of the city participated in the riots. In Timisaora the same looting and beating were repeated, with the result that the rioters caused a damage of 40,000,000 *leu* within a few hours. Only one city escaped this fate: the city of Szatmar, which paid 400,000 *leu* into the hands of the student leaders.

How has the Rumanian Government dealt with the perpetrators of these "riots," the 4,300 men and 700 women who killed six men and wounded more than a hundred, and who robbed and looted the towns of Transylvania? What has been the punishment meted out to these "defenders of Rumanian culture"? The Rumanian Government announced that 280 students were arrested on their return to Bucharest. This is true. The statement, however, failed to add that out of these 280, 222 were released twenty-four hours later. Or that thirty-three were released ten days later, while the semi-official newspaper *Vittorul* asserted that the others would be freed within a short time. The charges against the arrested men were "theft" and "misdemeanor." What may be expected from the cases which come to court has been indicated by the trial of the student Ionel Bordianu, who severely wounded three persons in Cluj. The trial was held in Jassy and ended in the acquittal of the defendant, who asserted that he acted in self-defense.

The Government also promised a wholesale discharge of police chiefs. Up to the present time three of them have, in fact, been discharged, but the Government has refrained from prosecuting them and plans no special measures against the official promoters of the pogroms. In deference to public opinion in foreign countries, the Government has also announced that Minister Tatarescu has handed in his resignation. A week after the publication of the official communiqué, however, the newspaper *Cuvantul* announced that this same Tatarescu was slated for a very important diplomatic position and that his appointment would soon be published.

Thus there remains only one thing for the Rumanian Government to settle: the question of damages and indemnity. Fortunately, the makers of the Rumanian constitution displayed a miraculous foresight by adopting a statute apparently made for such occasions. It says that if damages are caused by persons who are residents of another city and if the identity of the offenders cannot be definitely established, then the damages shall be paid by the city which is the residence of the persons causing the damages. This means, in other words, that the residents of Transylvanian cities have to establish from which particular cities the rioters came—those particular rioters who looted their shops and their synagogues and murdered and wounded their citizens.

Thus the comedy comes to an harmonious end. When M. Vintila Bratianu next dines with the honorable General Mosoiu they will have a good time recalling their splendid coup, by which they so cleverly diverted public attention from burning political issues. Who cares now for the Carolist movement or even the catastrophic financial situation of the country, though the official rate of interest is no less than 18 per cent in the domain of the Bratianus? The students, too, will be proud of the way in which they demonstrated the superiority of Rumanian culture to that of the former Hungarian territories. As for the national minorities, they will doubtless be clever enough not to bring their troubles before the League of Nations. They can never be sure where the next student congress will be held.

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